The Making of a Statesman—By Joel Chandler Harris

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The Real Feelings of the Filipinos Toward American Rule

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

By Senator Augustus O. Bacon

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

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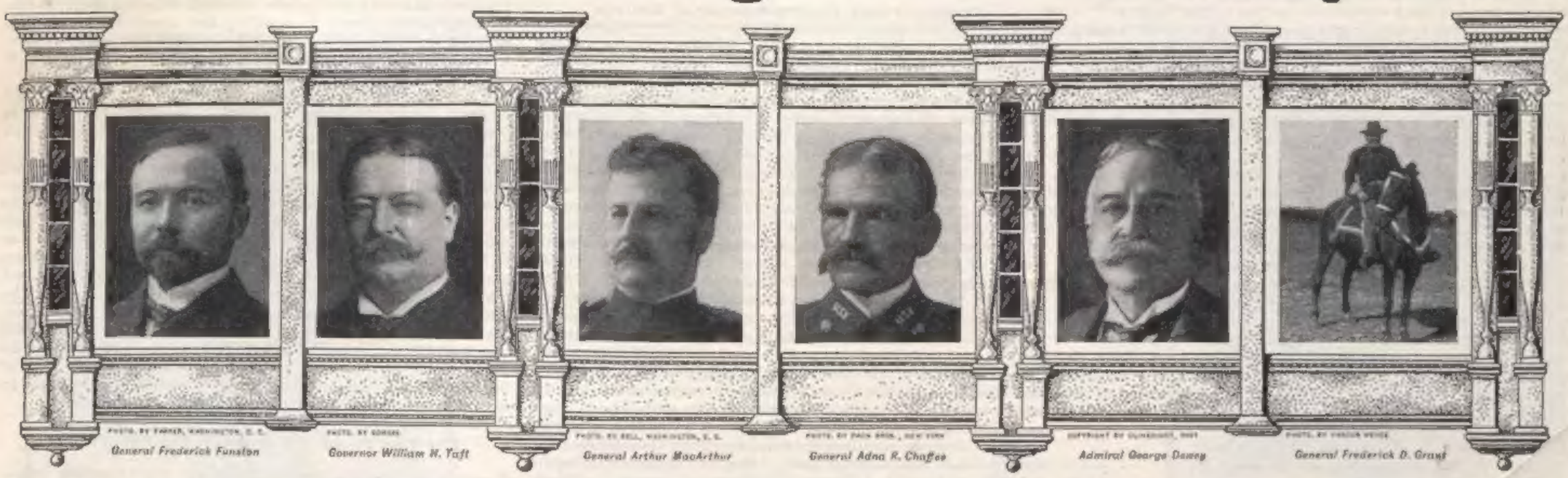
The Real Feelings of the Filipinos



General Frederick Funston — Governor William H. Taft — General Arthur MacArthur — General Adna R. Chaffee — Admiral George Dewey — General Frederick D. Grant

By Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia

FROM the beginning there has been division among the American people relative to the policy and wisdom of the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, and of their retention as well. Though this division will continue, there should be no division on the proposition that so long as they are retained it is the duty of all to unite in the effort to provide for them the government which will be best for their interests, and least burdensome and harmful to the United States. In the endeavor to devise such a government it is essential to ascertain the character of the present feelings of the Filipinos toward Americans and American rule, and the degree of intensity with which those feelings are entertained.

If our connection with the Philippine Islands is to be permanent, or for an extended period, it is scarcely to be anticipated that the American people will be content with an indefinite continuance of existing conditions. In the prosecution of a war into which, in their view of it, they seem to have drifted on an unforeseen current, they have neither desired nor recognized it to be a war for the subjugation of a people, or one which, at its conclusion, should hold an unwilling and an unfriendly people subject, through the power of ever continuing force, to the domination of the United States. Americans are, not only by profession but in their hearts, loyal to personal liberty and to free institutions, and however great is their pride in the achievement of American arms, and however enthusiastic they are in the contemplation of national aggrandizement and of territorial expansion, they will not be content with any adjustment of a permanent or long-extended connection which does not bring the Filipinos into contented and friendly relations with the American Government.

The existing conditions, with the indefinite continuance of which it is suggested that our people will not be content, are those that find still, in some of the islands, a state of active and bloody warfare, and in all of the remainder of the archipelago where the power of the Filipinos has been crushed out, peace maintained only by the presence and power of garrisons of American troops; while, in the opinion of many of those whose position gives best opportunity to form accurate judgment, the people in all of the islands, speaking generally, are unfriendly to Americans and intensely hostile to American domination. This condition is the more painful in that it is one existing after three years of most costly war, during which 120,000 soldiers have been sent to the Philippines and in which the American army has, under most distressing conditions, with heroism and fortitude, and uncomplainingly, met and endured great suffering, hardship and loss, while the loss of life to the Filipinos in battle, and to all classes in the islands through the privations and disease resulting from the conditions of war, has been so vast as to be difficult of realization, exceeding by very many times the number generally estimated in the United States.

It is not to be doubted that it is the earnest desire of the American people that this war shall be speedily ended through the supremacy of the American arms, and every sane man must know that in the absence of some adjustment it can ultimately end in no other way.

Not less certain is their most earnest desire that, when so ended, the Filipinos shall not be a discontented and unwilling people, hostile to American rule, and ready and anxious to throw it off at the first favorable opportunity, either when the United States may be unfortunately involved in a war with some foreign Power or when other circumstances may seem to promise a successful issue to such effort. Aside from what may be deemed by some only political sentiment, and from the considerations in this connection demanded by loyalty to free institutions, the importance that in any permanent connection the Filipinos shall be to the United States, in times of trouble, an element of strength and not a menace and a danger, possesses a gravity which cannot be wisely ignored. Such an end cannot be accomplished by a servile and unwilling submission by the Filipinos to the heavy hand of power which they cannot successfully resist. Such submission will doubtless accomplish the undisputed sway of American authority in the Philippines, but it will be a sway over a discontented people, at heart disloyal and hostile.

Much is heard about "the pacification" of the islands. True pacification is that only which is based on the contentment of a people. There is another pacification, that of the sword, a condition of enforced peace, complete and continuing so long as the drawn weapon is held in hand. That a pacification of this latter character is being steadily accomplished in the Philippines is beyond question; but such is not the pacification from which there grows unfeigned loyalty to the power thus imposed.

If it be true that the only pacification which is being accomplished is that of the sword, there is not lacking a further consideration not less practical and important—the fact that the subjugation of an unwilling people, hostile and disloyal at heart, necessarily involves a vast annual expense to the United States to hold in subjection those who under such conditions will but wait for a favorable opportunity for revolt. In the effort to establish the authority of the United States in the Philippines we have already expended more than three hundred millions of dollars. It may safely be said that it is the practically unanimous opinion of all the officers of our army in the Philippines, from the Commanding General to the lowest subaltern, that in the present hostile temper of the Filipinos the number of our soldiers cannot safely be reduced below that now in the islands. Recent occurrences seem fully to sustain the correctness of this opinion. This means that with a continuance of this feeling of discontent and hostility there must be maintained in the Philippines an American army of some 40,000 men, involving an annual expense of at least fifty or sixty millions of dollars, to which, with necessary incidentals, must be added the expense of the large naval force which for the same reason will be required in the waters of the archipelago, making in the aggregate a sum of between seventy and one hundred millions of dollars. With the continuance of hostile feelings, the army necessary for the repression of revolt will be as great as that which has been required for its suppression in the later stages. When we undertake the conquest of the millions of Moros in the Sulu Islands—from attempting which we have thus far prudently refrained—a large addition must be made to the army now required. So that, viewed from an economic standpoint, there is not to be underestimated the importance to us that any permanent connection between the United States and the Philippines should not be such as to require that, through the discontent and hostility of their people to our rule, the continued presence of a great army will be necessary to keep them in enforced subjection. And from every point of view, turn it as we may, the conclusion is unavoidable that every interest of the United States in connection with any permanent political relation with the Philippine Islands must find its basis in the contentment with and loyalty to American rule by the Filipinos. With recognition of the correctness of this conclusion the important question with which the American people have to deal is: By what methods can this loyalty, with its prerequisite contentment, be secured? A prerequisite to its solution is a knowledge of the sentiments and wishes of the Filipinos.

Any one who has endeavored to inform himself relative to the real attitude of the Filipinos toward the United States must recognize that the testimony given him is varied and even conflicting. The sources from which has been gathered the information herein presented may be stated to be statements of fact and expressions of opinion, (*a*) by army officers on duty in the Philippines, (*b*) by civil officers in the archipelago, and (*c*) by natives themselves. To these may be added the evidence furnished by general conditions, and occurrences publicly known to all. Among the army officers from whom expressions were sought, there was a most remarkable unanimity of opinion on this subject as gathered from conversations with many of them. These officers had been for years on duty in the islands, and their military service had brought them into personal contact with the natives in the different sections of the archipelago. Their widely separated posts and fields of duty had afforded no opportunity for a mutual interchange and comparison of opinions and conclusions. With scarcely an exception the opinion was expressed by them that at heart the Filipinos are unfriendly to Americans, that they are intensely hostile to American rule, that where they profess loyalty to our Government it is feigned and insincere, that they would be overjoyed to see overthrown in the Philippines the dominion of the United States, and that where hostilities have ceased it is because the natives have, of necessity, laid down their arms in submission to the power which they could not resist, but nevertheless without any change on their part of feeling, or of desire, or of purpose.

Among these officers it is a common expression that with the Filipinos "it is only a question of opportunity," and that when a favorable opportunity is found they will certainly revolt. The large majority of these officers attribute the above feelings and desires to all of the Filipinos. They do not except those of them who have accepted office under the appointment of the Civil Government in the Philippines. There are other officers who think there are some Filipinos who are sincerely friendly to American rule and who earnestly desire its continuance. It is at the same time admitted that this number is by comparison inconsiderable and constitutes only a small fraction of the population.

It is not intended to assert that all of the military officers on duty in the Philippines entertain these views and opinions, because there was not opportunity to learn the opinions of all of them. But it is literally true that in all the many conversations referred to which were had with many officers at different places during a period of four weeks of most diligent inquiry, no single one of them expressed views and opinions materially different from the foregoing, so far as the same relates to the general hostility of the Filipinos to American rule, and to the unwillingness of their submission to the authority which they have been powerless to resist. It should be added that though by many officers there was the fullest expression, in some few cases the opportunity was more limited, and there was no definite expression by these of their opinions on this particular phase of the subject. It may, however, be safely said that there was a concurrent expression of opinions by all these officers of every rank that the army in the Philippines could not safely be reduced below the present force of some 40,000 men. This opinion could only be based upon a recognition of the existence of a general hostility to American rule which could be kept in a state of repression only by the continued presence of an army large enough to garrison with a network of posts the entire archipelago. The expression of this unvarying opinion cannot be attributed to a selfish motive; for, though loyally doing their duty, these same officers, with rare exceptions, greatly regretted the necessity which keeps them in the Philippines, and earnestly desired to return to America.

One officer of rank, who was a graduate of West Point, and a man whose demeanor and expressions showed him to be

conservative in disposition, had been for a considerable time in an official position which brought him in personal contact with the Filipinos. In response to an inquiry as to the feelings of the people in respect to American rule, he said that conditions in that regard are not improving, but the contrary—that the Filipinos are becoming more and more unfriendly to Americans, and more and more hostile to their rule; and that though they had hated the Spaniards, they now hate the Americans in greater degree. This increased hostility is due, in large measure, to the recognition of the power of the United States as being vastly superior to that of Spain, and also to what they conceive to be the unfair treatment by the United States in denying to them their liberty at the conclusion of the war with Spain. In the language of this officer, "The heart's desire of the people is for a 'brown man's government,' and though they may submit under compulsion they will never be content under the rule of any white race."

For this brown man's government they have, at a fearful cost of life, intermittently struggled during the centuries, and their feeling of hostility becomes more intense toward the nation which, through its greater power, the more certainly renders impossible its accomplishment. This officer gave another reason for the increased hostility of feeling by the natives. He said that the commissioned officers and the better class of enlisted men are more considerate, but that the lower class of enlisted men, who in greater or less numbers are unavoidably found in every army, are less considerate, of the Filipinos. They personally enjoy the position of domination over an inferior and conquered people, and, in the words of this officer, are constantly "rubbing it in on them." They call them "niggers" and otherwise subject them to humiliating indignities. This, though the action of comparatively few men, inspires in the Filipino breast a hatred of all Americans, of whom these men are, by them, regarded as the representatives.

An Entire People Against Us

Another officer of marked ability, a graduate of West Point and now holding an important position on the staff with the rank of Major in the regular army, has been for nearly three years an active participant in the campaigns, not only in Luzon but in the islands of the Visayan group. In repeated conversations he as often expressed his belief that the feeling of hostility by the Filipinos to Americans and to American rule is practically universal. He believes that, generally speaking, they all, not excepting those who professed loyalty, belong to the Katapunin Society, and are oath-bound to each other to devote property and life to the accomplishment of their dream of separate nationality. He said that during all his life he has been a student of history, and especially of the history of wars, and that he has never known or read of a people who have been more united in their struggle for liberty than he believes the Filipino people now to be. This statement was so broad that he was asked if he would consent that he be quoted as having made it, and he replied in the affirmative, and it was immediately thereafter written down as nearly as practicable in his exact language, including the words, "their struggle for liberty." His name is not here given, in accordance with that permission, only because it is not deemed necessary. The opinion thus uttered was not due to any personal partiality or prejudice in favor of the Filipinos. On the contrary, among all the many officers with whom these conversations were had, none was more pronounced than he in his personal hostility to them, approving and justifying, as he did, the reconcentrado policy which it had been deemed by our officers necessary to adopt, together with the destruction of life and of property outside of the reconcentrado limits, which is an essential feature in the reconcentrado policy. Without this feature of destruction of life and property outside the prescribed limits, the reconcentrado policy could not be enforced. It is, in fact, an essential, as also an invariable feature of the policy, which is enforced through it.

The facts stated by him as the basis for his approval and justification of a reconcentrado policy themselves furnish a strong illustration of the universality of the Filipino devotion to their cause and of their hostility to American rule. He said that in his opinion all the Filipinos are soldiers, in the sense that every Filipino holds himself subject to orders to take the field or to perform any other duty required of him by the insurrecto authority, and that he is apparently a peaceful citizen one day and an active soldier the next; that when the American forces come along his rifle is hid in the bush and he is an amigo at work in the field, but that as soon as the troops are out of sight the hoe is dropped, the rifle is recovered from its hiding-place, and the Filipino is skirting along to take the American soldiers in ambush. Under such conditions he argued that the ordinary system of warfare as practiced between civilized nations would not meet the case, and that the Filipinos can be dealt with only by requiring such men, alternately of the hoe and of the rifle, and all others in the troubled districts, to repair within a given time to the specified reconcentrado limits, and there deliver up their rifles under pain of the destruction, practically, of all life and property in the hostile district outside of those limits. It is not meant by this that the lives of women and children are intentionally destroyed. It is due to this and other officers to state that though all approved the measures, neither he nor they used the word "reconcentrado" in speaking of these military orders and of the operations thereunder.

Quotations could be extended from the expressions of many army officers on duty in the Philippines; but practically all of them, upon the general proposition of the unfriendliness and hostility of the Filipinos, agree in greater or less degree with these statements made by the two officers above quoted.

A general officer whose distinguished services have made him prominent in the war in the Philippines, in narrating instances within his knowledge of tribute being levied and collected from the Filipinos within the American lines and actually within the limits of posts garrisoned by American troops, added that he believed that tribute is paid by all of the Filipinos to the insurrecto cause. When the suggestion was made to him that he should except those who professed loyalty to the United States, he said: "No, they pay the tribute also, because if they did not they would have their throats cut." The conclusion naturally suggests itself that such a power, so widely exercised, can only exist when sustained by a practically unanimous public sentiment devoted to the cause of Filipino nationality and hostile to American rule.

Treachery and Double-Dealing of Natives

In forming a conclusion relative to the feelings of the Filipino people toward Americans and American domination, it must be taken into account that the opinions of the civil officers in the Philippines are widely at variance with those of the military officers on this subject. The civil officers in general express the opinion that the Filipino problem is being worked out successfully through the agency of the Civil Government, and that under its influence the Filipinos are becoming reconciled to American domination, although the most optimistic fix at least a generation before this can be accomplished. Some of them think that in a few years conditions will be so peaceable that an American army of 15,000 is all that will be required in the islands; an opinion which, as previously stated, is not shared by any military officers, from generals down, who expressed themselves on the subject.

These optimistic opinions of the civil officers are in a large measure based upon the assurances of Filipinos, and of Americans as well, who have themselves been appointed to lucrative offices, relative to the temper and disposition of the people, and also upon the cordial welcome and protestations of loyalty which have been extended to these officials as they have journeyed to the several islands. That these evidences of reconciliation to American domination have been abundantly presented is beyond question, and, if they are sincere and truthful, the conclusions of these civil officers are largely justified; but, unfortunately, events of daily occurrence leave little doubt that the sincerity and truthfulness of these assurances stand, by comparison, upon an equality with the loyalty of the Filipino above mentioned, who in the morning is a peaceful agricultural amigo, and in the afternoon of the same day an active fighting insurrecto.

Even casual readers of the public dispatches from the Philippines cannot have failed to note the frequency of the occurrences which demonstrate the general insincerity of the professions of loyalty. The narration of a few incidents, such as the following, which have not heretofore appeared in print may serve to emphasize the conclusions which these almost daily dispatches seem to justify.

The island of Negros has been all along noted as one in which there has been little or no resistance to American authority. Its loyalty has been much vaunted by those who have pointed to the peaceful and submissive conditions existing there as sure indices of the general and heartfelt loyalty to American rule existing throughout all the archipelago—the open manifestation of which, it was assumed, was only kept in suppression through fear of the vengeance of the insurrectos.

The people of Negros have not only been at peace with the Americans throughout most, if not all, the period of the unhappy struggle, but have been loud and demonstrative in their professions of loyalty to American rule. When American officials have visited them they have made a great parade, men and women have donned their holiday garb, flags have fluttered from every house, bands have played, and addresses have been presented all aglow with expressions of loyalty to the United States and of hatred of insurrectos. With such manifestations and such assurances, the conclusion seemed warranted that, whatever might be true in other islands, there was in Negros no part or lot in resistance to American authority, and no sympathy by its people with those who were in arms against it. Although thus justified, how far this conclusion was from the truth may be judged by the following statement, made by a prominent officer of high rank in the regular army, in regard to facts within his personal knowledge.

"Loyalty" a Farcical Mockery

Negros and Panay are large neighboring Visayan islands. The Junta, having direction and control of the insurrecto operations over the department which included within it both these islands, had its headquarters on the island of Panay, upon which is situated the important city of Iloilo. In the military operations on this island the official papers of this Junta were captured by the Americans. Among them this officer saw the record of a meeting of the Junta in which it was recited that as it was important to defend Panay, and that as this island consumed more than it produced, while on the contrary the island of Negros produced more than it consumed, it was ordered that there should be no rebellion in Negros, but that its people should pretend to be loyal to the United States in order that they might be left in peace to produce the supplies necessary to support the Filipino army which would be engaged in defending the island of Panay against the American invasion, and further, that their stores of provisions, thus needed, might not be destroyed by the American army. Little doubt can there be, in the light of that order, that the people of Negros have been loyal to the United States in order that by that means they might the better aid the insurrectos who have been fighting the American army. Fine actors they, when a whole people can thus dissemble, while every heartbeat is for their own people, the mortal foes of those whom they deceive with professions of loyalty and friendship.

During the active campaigning in Luzon, General Young captured a part of Aguinaldo's war chest, containing a large amount in silver dollars. Shortly thereafter he approached with his army the town of Namack-Pacan. On the outskirts he was met by the officials and people with the most effusive demonstrations of loyalty, and after he reached the town the native band played American airs under his window until he was almost ready to pay them to quit. Being in funds, the General, in recognition of their loyalty, ordered that everything procured for the army in the town should be paid for.

The order was complied with, and an accurate account was kept of the expenditures of all kinds. A few days thereafter there was captured a Filipino messenger having on his person a receipt from one of Aguinaldo's officers for the exact amount, to a penny, which, under General Young's order, had been paid for the supplies, with a letter to the Presidente of the town thanking the people, through him, for their loyalty to the Filipino cause in sending the money they had thus secured from the enemy. It was apparent that every man to whom money had thus been paid had given every centavo to the Presidente to be sent to Aguinaldo's army.

These people were Illocanos, and those of the Panay and Negros incident were Visayans. Neither people were Tagalos, who have been represented as alone hostile to the United States.

At present all Filipinos not in the Government service are prohibited from carrying or possessing firearms of any description. It would be difficult to find one so optimistic relative to existing conditions—one who so far mistakes his own opinions concerning the reconciliation to American rule—as to believe that this prohibition can be safely removed within a generation, or within ten generations, if the discontent and the aspirations of the Filipinos remain as they now are. The citizens of Oklahoma, aside from Constitutional guarantees, are permitted to bear arms because it is known they would use them, if need be, to uphold American authority. The Filipinos are prohibited from even possessing any kind of firearms because beyond question they would use the arms in the effort to destroy American rule in the Philippines.

The Two Possible Policies in the Philippines

Frequent conversations with Filipinos, not including office-holders, impressed deeply the conviction that men of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, wish Filipino government, and do not wish American rule. These conversations were only with those who had submitted to American authority and who professed loyalty to it. Among them there was rarely a direct avowal of objection to American rule, but their intense desire for Filipino nationality, and their pride in the mere contemplation of it, could not be concealed, and it was very easy to lead any of them into an argument in its favor. Many of them expressed a desire for an American protectorate, but the longing for separate nationality amounts to a sentiment with them and is well-nigh, if not quite, universal. Numbers of them who thus express themselves are most earnest in their desire for the end of the war. This is not because of a desire for American rule, but because they recognize the hopelessness of the struggle; and their cherished hope for a Filipino Government leaves no doubt where they would stand were an opportunity to occur hereafter to set it up. There cropped out in these conversations one reason for the opposition to American rule which in the anxiety with which it is expressed is not free from the pathetic. They believe that the permanent establishment of the American rule in the Philippines means that Americans will possess their country, and that the Filipino race will be exterminated and become extinct. How strong an influence this apprehension will have in perpetuating the discontent of the Filipinos, and in stirring them up to hostilities when opportunity offers, can be readily appreciated.

The following incident aroused a vivid realization of the intensity of the feelings and aspirations of the Filipinos. An interview was had in his own house with a Filipino who is a man of property, of education and of culture, and not a soldier or a politician. He was most earnest in his desire for the cessation of the war because he recognized the utter hopelessness of the struggle. He fully recognized that the only hope for his people was through the voluntary concessions of the United States. He was none the less emphatic in his claim of the natural right of the Filipinos to separate nationality. Discussing this, eagerly and standing erect, he exclaimed with excited gesture, "I am not a Spaniard, I am not an American, I am not a Filipino—What am I!" The intensity of his feeling and his dramatic action enabled one with little knowledge of Spanish to understand this utterance before it was repeated by the interpreter. In it he gave voice to the yearning that lurks in the hearts of ten millions of Filipinos.

The discussion of the remedy does not fall within the scope of this article. But the opinion may be stated that with the temper of the Filipinos, it appears from a somewhat careful investigation, in any permanent connection the alternatives are, either on the one hand a government for them with which they will be content in receiving the substantial features of Filipino nationality, or, on the other hand, an arbitrary government maintained through the presence of a great army, and independent of any considerations of the reconciliation and loyalty of the people.

That the present proposed Civil Government does not satisfy them is shown in their continuance of the struggle and in the general disloyalty of the people to the United States. This is not the fault of the civil administration, for, though doubtless there have been mistakes, no man better fitted for the task than Governor Taft could be found. The vice is in the system which presents to them the objectionable features of an imposed government in the creation of which they have had no part—a colonial government the very name of which they abhor, coupled as it is in their minds with centuries of tyranny and bloodshed. If sovereignty is to be retained by the United States, better is it that the Filipinos be permitted to frame their own government, and that, with as little restraint or interference as possible by the United States, they be allowed, through their own trials, and their own sacrifices if need be, to work their own way, as other nations through all time have done, from a lower to a higher plane of civilization.

A Woman's Washington

By "The Congressman's Wife"

Mr. Loeb, Secretary to the President

THE inhabitants of this Capital City are beginning to liken our new Executive to the famous character "Strongback" in the old fairy tale, who was an attendant upon Fortunio and who could kill a lion with his fist, or stop a chariot in full career with one hand, or fell a forest in a few hours without fatigue. Most of us are quite agape at the physical prowess and endurance of the President, and we are wondering if he has not some hidden wellspring to draw upon. Almost any well-set-up Washingtonian can endure more physically than the denizens of other towns, but this new President of ours can outdo the most seasoned veteran that Washington can produce. He can work harder, and play harder, and shake hands harder than any one who has ever preceded him in that historic mansion, and also, be it said, he can occasionally scold harder, though as a rule we are willing to admit that he would rather smile than frown. However, we have gone about the town humming the old hymn, set to new words:

"Oh! who would be a hero
And with the heroes stand,
To hang a Christmas stocking up
And pull down a reprimand?"

Thackeray tells us that "The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown and it will look sourly at you, laugh and it will laugh back." And this is what the Washington world has been doing of late, laughing and frowning alternately with the Chief Executive. As Robert and I observed him on New Year's Day we were struck with his wonderful vitality and physical endurance. Fancy a man who can give audiences for an hour in the morning to important men, who can shake hands afterward for four consecutive hours with eight thousand people, and, mark you, shake hands with a vigorous shoulder movement that means something. Then after that who can slip out for a little matter of a ten miles' constitutional, and then finally, by way of a little fun, wind up the day at the theatre, where for a couple of hours he holds upon his lap a restless slip of a lad who is too small to view the stage from any point save his father's knee. Surely "Strongback" himself could not outdo this. I said to a relative of the President's whom I met at a function:

"I don't see how he can put so much vitality into everything and stand the physical and mental strain. He will give out. He will come to have that same faded, strained look that has marked all our Presidents."

"Not he!" laughed this relative. "You don't know Theodore. He's a modern Atlas. He'll carry the United States on his shoulders, and smile all the time over it, too."

"Well," said I, "it seems to me it would be well to inaugurate the old custom of the Roman Emperors and have some one whisper daily in his ear, as was whispered in theirs: 'Remember thou art mortal!'"

"Oh," said this relative, "Theodore is a hard worker but he also has the happy faculty of throwing off care. He can play as well as work, and this will save him. He is a good deal of a boy still. Just before Christmas he wrote to a cousin of ours, with whom he is very intimate, to come down here and take Christmas dinner with them at the White House. Cousin J—— wrote back that he did not know whether he could dine that day at the White House or not, as the relative with whom he would be staying in W——

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in the series. Others will appear at intervals of a fortnight.

might have made other engagements for him which he could not break. The President was highly tickled that Cousin J—— did not know the etiquette of a White House invitation, and wrote back:

"'Why, man alive, haven't you waked up to the situation yet? I will guarantee that our relative will not only permit you to dine with us, but will enlighten you considerably as to your duty in the matter.'

"When Cousin J—— came down," continued my informant, "he met the President first at Captain Cowles' house. It was the first meeting between the two cousins since the President's inauguration. J—— walked up to him and said blandly:

"'How are you, Theodore? Whereabouts in Washington are you living now?'

"The President gave him a sly, comical look out of the corner of his eye and ejaculated with vigor:

"'You scoundrel!'

"And then they both laughed like a couple of boys. One thing that rouses Theodore's ire more than anything else is the sight of a kodak," and the relative laughed as though at some funny remembrance.

Robert chipped into the conversation and said amusedly:

"I met a certain Cabinet officer the other day just coming from a Cabinet meeting. I stopped him for I was anxious about a matter that I hoped would come up before them that day, and asked:

"'What did you do at the Cabinet meeting to-day?' He replied gravely:

"'Oh, we discussed mainly the President's trousers, which this Russian fellow has just painted in the new portrait of the President which was shown to-day to us.'

"'And how,' asked I, 'were the trousers and the portrait?'

"'Oh, the likeness was great, but not one of us liked the trousers. The President did not know what ailed them. Root thought they were too light. I thought they were too gray, and one of the others thought they had a violet tinge. We had a great time over it.'

"'How did it come out?'

"'Well, we thought finally that the fault really lay in the fit of the trousers, and to this the President agreed.'

"Then I asked anxiously: 'But is that all you did? Didn't you decide upon anything at this meeting that was important?'

"'Oh, yes,' said the Cabinet member with a chuckle, 'we decided that that Russian artist should straightway paint the President a new pair of trousers.'"

And Robert laughed over the recollection and we joined in. Then Robert went on:

"I toddled up to the White House myself the other day with my first request. I wanted to get a promotion for Captain Z—— from my State, and thought I wouldn't fool around the War Department but would go straight to headquarters. When I finally got into the room where I could speak to the President I bided my time and at last got him a bit apart from the rest of the crowd present and, lowering my voice, stated my business. He listened to me a minute, then said, with a good-natured smile, but in an entirely audible voice:

"'I can't, I can't; you must snuggle up to Root if you want that.'"

Robert threw back his head in great glee and said:

"The idea of anybody 'snuggling up' to Root was too preposterous!"

"That's just like Theodore," said the relative with a responsive laugh. Then I said:

"What a charming woman Mrs. Roosevelt is, and what a fondness she has for young people. I was there the other day and was struck with the number of young girls and young men everywhere in evidence. The young men were all in roundabout short coats but carried silk hats, a mode of dress not usual in Washington. I mentioned the young people to Mrs. Roosevelt. She smiled indulgently and said:

"'Oh! these young men are Harvard undergraduates who came on for our daughter's dance, and Mr. Roosevelt wrote to President Eliot to extend their time, which he has done, and they are all having a fine holiday.'"

"Ah," said the relative, "Mrs. Roosevelt is an unusual woman. I should rather take her opinion upon a book than that of any reviewer in the land. She and Theodore are devoted to everything in the shape of books, particularly to history and poetry. They would rather get hold of a new book of verses than find a gold mine. Since they have been in the White House Mrs. Roosevelt has made it a rule to look over all the letters that come to her, and she tells me that she has sometimes three hundred a day. She answers them in person in many cases; the others she dictates to Mr. Loeb, who acts as her secretary."

"What about the Cabinet meetings which she holds every Tuesday?" queried I with interest.

"Oh, she consults sometimes with Mrs. Root, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Knox, that's all. She attends to the arranging of dinner guests lest some diplomatic error in precedence should creep in, for, as you know, Mrs. Slocum, these diplomats make more fuss over a slip in the diplomatic cog than they would over death itself. They were awfully stirred up the day they were invited to the White House to meet merely a private citizen in the person of Mrs. Roosevelt's sister."

Representative Kearns, of Utah

"Yes," said I, "they made a great talk about it, but their etiquette is so different from ours. Some one says that 'to follow foolish customs and wink both eyes is easier than to think.' This would seem to be the plan upon which foreign diplomatic forms are built. Why, suppose, for instance, that one of our Ambassadors or Ministers at a foreign court should smoke all through the sittings of a treaty that was being negotiated; yet that is what a foreigner did over here during certain treaty negotiations not so long ago, and the State Department only smiled. And it only smiled, I am told, when a few years ago Lord Sackville gave a ball at the British Legation here, and his daughter passed by every distinguished American official and opened the ball and danced the cotillon with one of the diplomatic corps. Such a thing happening at Paris or Berlin would have created a rumpus."

"Oh, pooh!" ejaculated Robert, "who cares what those foreign chaps do, who embroider their titles on their waistcoats. I notice that when they come around the Foreign Office abroad or the State Department here they don't monkey with Uncle Sam's buzz-saw."

Robert had rapidly acquired the true Senatorial attitude toward every foreigner, which is one of antagonism and suspicion. But just here the shifting crowd at this function brought us in touch with Senator Blank and his wife and with Senator P——. We found them discussing the unusual prominence given to the State of Iowa in having two of her sons in the Cabinet, and another son the Speaker of the House, to say nothing of her unusually strong delegation in Congress.

"Well," said Mrs. Blank with a laugh, "Iowa's sons don't seem to shrink from coming officially to Washington, but her daughters are not made of the same stern materials that compose her sons, for I hear that the wife of one of the Iowa contingent was afraid to come to Washington, and when assured that she need not fear the social side of life here, replied:

"'Oh! it is not that, but I shall miss so terribly the Iowa butter.'"

This made us all laugh and Senator P—— remarked:

"Iowa butter must be a fascinating product, for the Secretary of Agriculture testified last winter before our committee, when the oleomargarine bill was before the Senate, that he shipped all his butter from Iowa."

"What sort of an appointment is this of the new Secretary of the Treasury likely to be?" asked I.

"Well," said Senator Blank, "'the Shah of Iowa,' as we style him, has been pretty well tested out in his State and we think he'll do. You know it is said that a founder never hangs a new bell in the steeple till it has been thoroughly hammered on all sides and tested by furnace heat."

"Yes," said I, "furnace heat is all very well, but you know that even gold can lie in a furnace a month and never show the loss of a grain, but how about the furnace heat of four years? Will his policy be as broad as Mr. Gage's?"

"Ah!" said Senator P—— thoughtfully, "there you have the algebraic problem with the unknown quantity staring you in the face. No one can absolutely predict about Shaw, for he is not much known, but it is pretty safe to suppose that the President has applied to this Treasury appointment the ultimatum that Horace applied to the poets: 'Mediocrity is not allowed to poets either by gods or men.'"

Senator Blank spoke up. "Some of us up at our end of Pennsylvania Avenue are mighty sorry to see Gage retire."

(Concluded on Page 17)

How Bachelors Live in New York

By Robert Shackleton

A unique stairway arrangement

A vista in a Fifth Avenue apartment

A bachelor's strait and narrow way

IN NEW YORK CITY, so it is estimated, there are some 10,000 men who live in bachelor apartments. There is, of course, no way of arriving at the number with accuracy, scattered throughout the city as the myriad apartments are, with many tucked away in unexpected or practically unknown quarters, but the opinion of those best qualified to judge points to the total named.

And in the term "bachelor apartments" I do not include every bachelor room. Wide is the difference in condition between the young man who creeps to a garret in an East Side tenement, or who lives in a hall bedroom in a West Side boarding-house, and the man who pays thousands of dollars a year for his expensively furnished suite. I am speaking only of those whose home is of more than one room and of those who live in the distinctively bachelor apartment buildings.

From four hundred to four thousand dollars a year—that may in a general way express the range of cost for the one item of rent of a bachelor apartment. It used to be said by many a young man in New York that he could not afford to be married. Now there is many a young man who thinks that he cannot afford to be a bachelor. For when to the rent of an expensive apartment is added the general cost of living that goes with an expensive house—the cost of eating, of clothes, of entertainment, of service, of tips, of theatres—such a total is reached that it need not be a matter of surprise that many a man turns to matrimony for reasons economical.

Between Forty-second and Twenty-third Streets to the north and south, and between Madison and Sixth Avenues to the east and west, may be said, in a general way, to lie the bachelor apartment houses.

Bachelors like to live in the centre of things: of life, of theatres, of amusement. For them the suburbs have no charms; for them the commuter sounds the praises of the country in vain. Within touch of the clubs and theatres and hotels and of the busy life of Broadway and Fifth Avenue the average bachelor must be.

Some bachelor apartments there are, indeed, which lie to the southward of the district mentioned, anchored there by association so firmly as to resist the northward-moving current of the city's population; and others there are which, answering that current, have been located far above Fifty-ninth Street, to either the eastward or the westward of Central Park; but the greatest amount of bachelor apartment house life is within the limits I have named.

There are large bachelor houses and there are small; there are buildings which tower far upward, with story piled upon story, and which contain from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty suites, and there are other buildings of but four or five stories and which house not more than from fifteen to twenty-five men. A marked tendency of the day is toward the smaller houses, for in them the bachelor thinks he shall find the greatest conveniences, the most exclusiveness, for the least expenditure of money. For the average bachelor, strange to discover, is a man who, though anxious to make a gallant show, is not oblivious to possibilities of money saving.

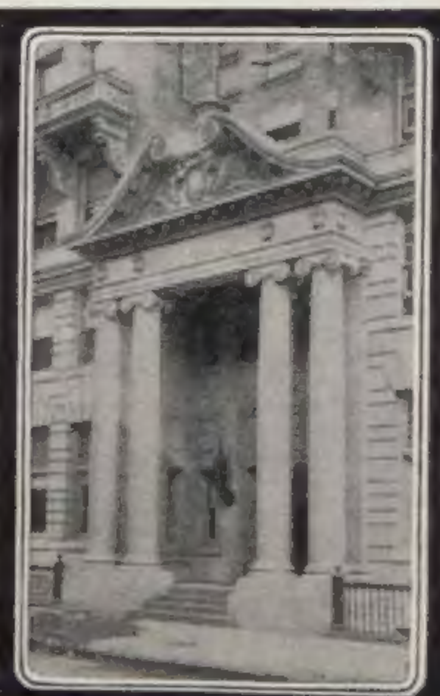
But in most bachelor houses there is no outward and visible sign of money saving. Granite-pillared entrances, lobbies ringed round with massive columns, hallways marble-walled and rich-tiled: it is through such as these that many a bachelor goes to his apartments. Dining-rooms there are with oval ceilings of multi-colored glass through which the sunlight shines subdued, and in some rooms there is a soft glow that comes from hidden electric lights. One may not dispute the truth of the assertion that it is not good for man to be alone, and yet there is many a New York bachelor who somehow seems to get on more than comfortably.

There is not in New York, as yet, the charm that goes with the chambers where bachelors dwell in some of the Old-World cities. We have no buildings, for example, which, like some in the heart of busiest London, are rich in historical and literary association and in memories that reach back for generations. Nor have we an Albany, closely reminiscent of such famous men as Macaulay and Byron and Lytton. In New York the tendency is all for newness, and seldom is a building allowed to stand long enough to acquire the gray atmosphere of age. Buildings are cut off in their youth.

But the bachelor homes of New York can show—and this, to the New York bachelor, is the important point—conveniences and luxuries far beyond those of Old-World bachelor houses. Elevators run throughout the night; steam heat warms the rooms in winter and ventilating appliances cool them in summer; electric light is in every room; in a few buildings there is even a cold-storage attachment for every tenant, operated by an apparatus in the basement, and giving to each bachelor the opportunity to have bottles or game, icy cold, ready to his hand. For modern comfort the New York bachelor is content to forego picturesque associations.

A notable characteristic of New York bachelor apartments is the fireplace. The bachelor seems to look on that as a necessary adjunct to his home, and therefore in the great majority of bachelor apartments it is in marked evidence. A cheerful glow it makes and serves to give to the bachelor a sense of homelike coziness.

In the rooms of a book-lover



Entrance to one of the big houses

One of the larger sitting-rooms

In a bachelor's luxurious bedroom

One of the old-time buildings

A wealthy bachelor's library

Another characteristic is also marked—the love for furniture of old-fashioned design. The average bachelor with money to spend is sure to spend a great deal of it on furniture of antique pattern. Some put great sums into this, and not only haunt the curio shops of New York, but ransack the colonial homes of Massachusetts, of Maryland, of Virginia. With some of the bachelors, however, it is not necessary that the furniture be really old; with them it is not at all needful that the furniture be of an earlier manufacture than last year's; but it must be of old design. And there is another feature, which, though not so general as those of fireplaces and furniture, is yet quite common. That is the presence of ancient weapons, of swords and spears, of shields and bows and arrows, of ancient muskets and matchlocks. It is another case of "arms and the man." Weapons are seen so often in these apartments that one notices the absence of such wall decoration more than he notices its presence. And, as with the old-style furniture, there are some men not content until they acquire veritable antiques or pieces with authentic histories, and there are other men who are satisfied with copies and replicas.

An average rent for an apartment in one of the modern bachelor houses is twelve hundred dollars a year. Many a man spends more; some spend less; few apartments rent for any great amount less. The bachelor may decrease his expenses by sharing his apartment with another bachelor, but he who wishes the really independent bachelor life, in a way such as will allow him to maintain what the average bachelor of standing considers an adequate station, will spend for rent at least the figure just named.

The greater number of apartments—those of the most general type—consist of a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a bath. In many cases the sitting-room is overfurnished. The bachelor is apt to put in too many knickknacks, too much furniture; he is apt to pack his mantelpiece so closely that he can find no place there for an additional statuette or photograph. It is not unfair to say that the aspect of a bachelor's apartment is all too liable to be what in homely phrase is known as "cluttery." It needs the touch of a woman—but the bachelor will be the last to acknowledge it.

The sitting-room, though not large, is usually of comfortable size, and so, too, is the adjoining bedroom. The bathroom is shiny in its display of white tiles and porcelain tub and nickeled pipes.

That is the extent of the average apartment. In the basement is a locked space for the storage of trunks and extras.

But, after all, there is much that goes with such an apartment. The rooms are heated and lighted without expense to the tenant, and the house service is without additional cost. Everything, in fact, is seen to for the lone, lorn man. He has none of the cares of housekeeping. For him the servant problem is solved.

For an expense of from eight to twelve dollars a month he even has the personal services of a house valet, probably a soft-slippered, soft-voiced Japanese, who brushes his hat, polishes his shoes, creases his trousers and presses his coat; who never is in the way when not wanted and who (so few are the tenants in the lesser modern houses) is never absent when needed.

The bachelor even finds his laundry taken away and sent out; he does not trouble himself with it, and it comes back and is put away in his chiffonier. There is no house laundry, and so this is an outside expense.

The bachelor has all the delights of a housekeeping life with far fewer cares than has the benedick—at least, that is the bachelor's belief and boast. "It is no longer necessary for a man to be married in order to be taken care of," said one of them to me.

In most of the houses there is a general dining-room, but it is seldom that any meal is eaten there but breakfast. One or two houses have roof dining-rooms, open in summer and glassed-in for cold or stormy weather. The better houses have telephone connections throughout the house (some, indeed, have local and long-distance telephones in each apartment), and breakfast or other meals may at any time be ordered in one's own rooms. For this there is a slight additional expense. One house charges an extra ten cents a meal for service in the bachelor's room.

Luncheon and dinner are usually eaten somewhere else than in the bachelor building—the luncheon, hastily, near the man's office, and the dinner at one of the hotels or clubs—for the New York bachelor is a devoted club and hotel man.

Dear to the memory of many a New Yorker are some of the older bachelor buildings—one, for example, far downtown, of simple and dignified architecture, which has figured in literature; and one, of a name reminding of monasticism, where in the recent past a few literary and artistic bachelor lights have flared.

Many of the most interesting of bachelor apartments are not in bachelor buildings, but in family apartment houses, and others occupy the floors of some old dwelling-house. In these dwelling-house apartments many a literary or artistic worker is housed and many are the pleasant times that are had there. Not infrequently two or three or four men occupy a floor together, and they have a servant who acts as cook and valet for them all; and in such apartments there is often much greater comfort, at much less expense, than is found in the distinctively bachelor buildings.

Above one of the well-known business buildings of the city there rises a tower, and the floors in that tower are divided into little rooms ranging around a great central shaft, in which the elevator runs, each floor being a miniature bachelor apartment; and there are often delicious suppers there, in that lofty towered outlook, with its windows toward the four winds.

Many a bachelor acquires a tenacity of love for his home; a love that, one might think, would come only when the ties of family are added. And recently, what was one of the oldest bachelor houses in the city (it stood near Madison Square) was torn down to make way for the erection of a business block; and a bachelor, well on in age, who had lived there for many, many years, and claimed to have a lease which the owners could not break, refused to leave.

The rest of the building was torn down, but he clung to his apartment. It was his castle. The stairway disappeared, but he secured a ladder and now and then dodged back and forth upon it when the enemy's scouts

A millionaire bachelor's silver closet

A bachelor's paintings by Corot and De Chavannes

A bachelor's reception-room

were not looking. At times he lowered a rope, and delivery men would put food and water into a basket, and then he would draw it up to keep the garrison—himself—alive.

All light and water service was shut off, and his ladder and rope were all that he had left. And daily a crowd stood and eagerly watched to see him clamber hastily down or up the ladder, to see him draw up his basket of food. But at length, as was inevitable, the man capitulated, and went sorrowfully forth to seek another home.

Nearly half a century ago a wealthy young bachelor took two rooms in a house that then looked out, across intervening vacant spaces, over Washington Square. He has lived in those rooms ever since. Books are his dearest fancy, and rare volumes and the works of master minds line his walls and crowd the limited space.

The city has built up all around him. Washington Square was many years ago shut from his view. So packed with books are his rooms that he can scarcely move about, and there are times when he is compelled reluctantly to discard the least valuable. And there, in those two rooms, the old man lives; there, in that bachelor apartment, which so long he has loved, that old bachelor will die.

Economies of Some Society Bachelors

An interesting fact which any one who begins to look into bachelor-apartment conditions soon discovers is that it is not always in the most expensive rooms that those bachelors most noted in society live.

One or two apartment houses there are, indeed, where the bachelor must convince the manager that he can do more than pay his rent and act as a respectable member of the community: he must, in addition, be able to show that he is of family and of accepted social position, and without this all else is vain. Owners of such apartment houses resemble those Bond Street tailors who will not deign to make clothes for an American unless he is introduced by a Duke.

Some of the apartments in the large houses are superbly fitted up. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of furnishings for one set of rooms is not at all unusual. In many the expense of furniture and fittings is far more than this.

One apartment that I have in mind carries an insurance of over two hundred thousand dollars, and in that apartment are paintings upon which are the names of Corot, of Daubigny, of Millet, of Delacroix, of Chase, of Puis de Chavannes and others, and even of Velasquez.

In some of the apartments are almost priceless rugs, laid thick and soft upon the hardwood floors—floors already so made and lined as to prevent noise. In others the walls are covered with silken tapestry, each room in its fitting color.

St. Paul somewhere remarks that he that is married careth for the things that are of this world, but were he writing now he would add that he who is unmarried has also a love for worldly objects.

The Serving of Great Dinners

In the more splendid apartments—those of six or eight rooms—fine dinners and entertainments are often given. The silverware and china are in some cases furnished by the bachelor himself from his rich-stored closet, and his own personal servants aid in caring for the guests. In other cases the table furnishings are from the caterer who provides the dinner. Perhaps the dinner is served from the kitchen of the apartment house; still more likely, however, it is served by one of the great catering firms of the city, and in this case it is matter for careful planning to have each course of a long dinner waiting at the apartment door in proper time and order.

At the greater dinners it is not unusual to have some special feature of interest, such as (copying a picturesque old-time dinner achievement) the bringing in of an enormous pasty, from which, when cut, there steps forth a little dancing girl, who thereupon skips fantastically about the table to the applause of the delighted guests.

The kitchen of an apartment house is apt to be on the top floor of the building. In some apartments there are gas stoves on which a man's valet may do light cooking on occasion, but in most rooms of the better class there are no cooking facilities whatever.

A curious feature of bachelor life in New York is that in some quarters there is a strong dislike of that class of tenants, and that some large apartment houses, constructed especially for bachelors, have been turned into apartments for families.

There have to be strict rules in bachelor-apartment houses, and there are apt to be a few men in any large house who would like to break those rules; so at times it is necessary for the management to exercise both firmness and tact. Bachelors in the better-managed apartment houses do not in every way enjoy the wild freedom of life that many picture for them; and so soon as they begin to enjoy too much license the reputation of the house decreases, tenants leave, and rents tumble.

Some managers say that the bachelor is apt to be a selfish man: one who thinks far more of himself than of others. "His self-centred life makes him selfish," said one apartment-house owner; "he likes to make a show, but too often spends his money on room furnishings and on hotel dinners. He has an undeserved reputation for openhandedness."

But the surface indications in the big apartment houses do not cause one to suspect niggardliness of expenditure, but rather the opposite. In apartment after apartment there is wealth of carven chairs, of gleaming silver, of bronzes, of statuary, of rich hangings, of sideboards glittering with decanters and glass, of libraries lined with shelved books in costly bindings.

In some there is elaborate wrought-iron grille work; in some the owner's taste runs to pieces of copper and brass; in some there are silver candlesticks; in some there are antique vases of great value; in some there are enormous bear skins or tiger skins upon the floors.

The Evolution of the Modern Bachelor

Bachelor apartments—rich housing for unmarried men—are an evolution. In our early Colonial days bachelors were despised and taxed; there was no place for them in the social organization. And, indeed, in this, America was like all countries in the early period of their history. Ancient Rome persecuted the unmarried man, and by the laws of Solon his celibacy was a crime. But now, unmarried men are able to live in luxurious ease and without incurring the frown of the law.

In crowded New York, dwelling-houses long ago began to give place to family apartment houses, and more recently, and also from necessity, the bachelor house has had its demand recognized.

And there is only one way of doing away with bachelor apartments: that of doing away with the bachelors themselves; and so many of the tenants are far past their youth, and thus confirmed in their single life by many years of it, that to change them from bachelorhood seems impossible.

Still, it was a supposedly confirmed bachelor—Benedick—whose name now stands as the very synonym for married man; and it was Benedick who quaintly remarked that when he declared he would die a bachelor he did not think he should live till he were married.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

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Author of The Eagle's Heart

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EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER

AT A SWIFT gallop the Sheriff and his posse came whirling back up the road, a wild and warlike squad, hardly more tractable than the mob they had sent away.

"I think you had better go in," said Curtis to Elsie. "Jennie, take her over to our house for a little while."

"No, let us stay," cried Elsie. "I want to see this Sheriff, myself. If we hear the talk we'll be less nervous."

Curtis was firm. "No—this is no place for either of you."

Jennie started to obey but Elsie obstinately held her ground.

"I will not! I have the right to know what is threatening me!"

In a cloud of dust, with snorting of excited horses, the posse, with the Sheriff at its head, once more pulled up at the gate. The young men stared with big eyes at the two daintily dressed girls. Here was an unlooked-for complication. The Sheriff, equally astonished, slid from his horse and gave a rude salute with his big brown fist.

"How-dy, ladies; how-dy."

Elsie seized Curtis by the arm and whispered: "Introduce me to him—quick!"

Curtis instantly apprehended her plan. "Sheriff Winters, this is Miss Brisbane, daughter of ex-Senator Brisbane."

The Sheriff awkwardly seized her small hand. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss," he said. "I know the Senator well."

Curtis turned to Jennie, who came forward. "And this is my sister, Sheriff Winters."

"I've heard of you," the Sheriff said, regaining his self-possession, "and I'm mighty glad to know you both. I'm sorry to come a-riding this way——"

Elsie looked at him and quietly said: "I hope you will not be hasty, Sheriff. My father would advise prudence in such a case."

Jennie spoke up. "You must be hungry, Mr. Sheriff," she said, looking up at Calvin shyly, "and so are your men. Why not picket your horses and have some luncheon with us?"

The cowboys looked at each other with significant glances. One or two began to dust themselves and shake out their gay neckerchiefs. Several became noticeably redder about the ears as they looked down at their saddle pommels. Plainly they were taken aback and did not know what to say.

Calvin broke the silence. "That's the thing to do, fellers. I'm powerful keen, myself. We don't get such a chanst as this every day."

"That's so," was echoed through the posse. The Sheriff coughed. "Well—really—I'm agreeable, but I'm afeerd it'll be a powerful sight o' trouble, Miss. We're right hearty eaters. You're takin' desperate chances."

"Oh, no, we'll attend to that. We shall expect you in fifteen minutes." And taking Elsie by the arm, Jennie started across the road. As the cowboys followed the graceful figures of the girls, Lawson and Curtis looked at each other with amazement, mingled with a mighty impulse to laugh.

"How unmilitary," muttered Lawson.

"But how effective," replied Curtis.

The cowboys muttered among themselves:

"Say, is this a dream?"

"Who said pickled sunshine?"

"Is my necktie up to the mark?"

"Come, boys!" called Curtis cheerily. "While the Sheriff and I have a little set-to, you water your ponies and dust off and be ready for a cold snack."

With a patter of jocose remarks the deputies rode off down toward the creek, taking the Sheriff's horse.

Curtis turned to Lawson. "I wish you'd bring the code over to the house, Lawson; I want to show that clause to the Sheriff." Turning to Winters he said: "Come—let's go over to the house and talk this over."

"Well, now—I'm in no condition to sit down with ladies."

"I'll give you a chance to dust," replied Curtis, who plainly saw that Elsie had the rough bordermen "on the ice and going," as Calvin would say. A man can brag and swear and bluster out-of-doors or in a bare, tobacco-stained office, but in a library surrounded by books, in the hearing of ladies, he is human—almost reasonable. Jennie's invitation had turned defeat to victory.

Curtis took Winters into his own bedroom and put his toilet articles at his service, and as he came out into the Captain's library five minutes later he had plainly washed away a large part of his ferocity. His hair, plastered down smooth, represented the change in his mental condition; his quills were laid and he was fairly meek.

Curtis confidentially remarked in a low voice: "You see, Sheriff, we must manage this thing quietly. We mustn't endanger these women—and especially Miss Brisbane. If the old Senator gets a notion his daughter is in danger——"

Winters blew a whiff. "Good Lord, he'd tear the State wide open! No, the boys are too hasty. As I say, I saw the irregularity, but if I hadn't consented to lead a posse in here that whole inquest would have come a-rampin' down on ye. I said to 'em, 'Boys,' I says, 'you can't do that kind of thing,' I says. 'These Tetongs are fighters,' I says, 'and you'll have a sweet time chasin' 'em over the hills—just go slow and learn to peddle.' I says——"

Lawson, entering with the code, cut him short in his shameless exculpation.

"Mr. Winters, I think you know Mr. Lawson."

"We've crossed each other's trail once or twice, I believe," said Lawson. "Here is the clause."

Curtis laid the book before the Sheriff, who pushed a stubby forefinger against the letters and read the lines laboriously. His thick wits were moved by the words and he said: "Seems a clear case, and yet the Reservation is included in the lines of Piñon County."

"Well—here come the boys," said Curtis; "we'll talk it all over after lunch. Come in, boys!" he called cheerily to the straggling posse.

They came in sheepishly, one by one, their spurs rattling, their big limp hats twisted in their hands. They had pounded the dust out of one another's shirts and their red faces shone with the determined rubbing they had received. All their wild Centaur grace was gone, and as they sidled in and squatted down along the wall they were anything but ferocious. They were, in fact, awkward as schoolboys.

"Ah, now, this is all right," each man said when Curtis offered chairs. "You take the chair, Jim; you take it, Joe—this suits me."

No one stirred till Curtis rose, saying to the Sheriff: "Well, we'll take time to discuss that—come right out and tame the wolf."

The fact that Curtis accepted Calvin's call impressed the crowd deeply.

"You'd think he b'longed to the fambly," muttered one. "Wait till we get a rope round his neck."

The table, looking cool and dainty in its fleckless linen, was set with plates of cold chicken and ham alternating with pots of jelly and white bread. At each end of the cloth big pitchers of cool milk stood invitingly. To the cowboys, accustomed to their rude camps and the crude housekeeping of the settlers round about, this cleanliness of dining-room and cloth was marvelously subduing. They shuffled into their seats noisily, with only swift, sly glances at the girls, who were bubbling over with the excitement of feeding these hyenas.

As they drank their milk and fed great slices of bread and jelly into their mouths, fighting Indians seemed less necessary than they had supposed. Whisky and alkali dust and the smell of sweating ponies were all forgotten in the quiet and cool sweetness of this Agent's home, dominated by a couple of refined women.

Curtis, sitting at the end of the board as host, plied the Sheriff with cold chicken and milk and jelly, discussing meanwhile the difficulties under which the Tetongs labored, and drew from that sorely beleaguered officer admissions which he afterward regretted. "That's so; I don't know as I'd do any better in their places, but——"

Jennie, with a keen perception of her power over these brigands of the Gumbo, went from one to the other inquiring

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

in her sweetest voice: "Won't *you* have another slice of bread? Please do!" Elsie, less secure of manner, followed her with the pitcher of milk, while the young men bruised each other's shins beneath the table in their zealous efforts to diminish the joy each one took in the sweet presence of his cupbearer.

As the boys began to shove back Curtis brought out a box of cigars and passed them along the line.

"Take hearty, boys—they don't belong to the Government—they're mine, and you'll find them good."

As they were all helping themselves the Sheriff coughed loudly and called out: "Boys, the Major and me has fixed this thing up. I won't need but three of you. The rest can ride back and tell the gang on the West Fork it's all right. Cal, you and Tom and Green stay with me. The rest of you can go—as soon as your dinner's settled."

The ones not chosen looked a little disappointed, but they made no protest. As they rose to go out each one made powerful effort to do the right thing, and, lifting eyes to the girls for a last glance, each blurted out:

"Much obliged!"

And in this humble fashion the ferocious posse of the Sheriff broke up and left the house.

Once outside they turned on each other with broad grins. They straightened—took on grace and security of manner again. They were streaming with perspiration and their neckerchiefs were moist with the drip of it, but they lit their cigars nonchalantly, flung their hats rakishly on their heads and turned to take a last look at the house.

Elsie appeared at the door. "Boys!" she called, and her clear voice transfixed every soul of them. "You mustn't do anything reckless. You won't, will you?"

Calvin alone was able to reply: "No, Miss, we won't. We won't do nothing to hurt you or the Major's sister—you needn't be scart."

"You can trust Captain Curtis; he will do what is right, I'm sure of that. Good-by."

"Good-by," they answered, one by one. Nothing further was said till they had crossed the road. Then one of the roughest-looking of the whole gang turned and said: "Fellers, that promise goes. We got to keep that mob from goin' to war while these girls are here. Ain't that right?"

"That's right!"

"Say, fellers, I'll tell you a job that would suit me," began another.

"Hain't got any work into it if it does."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to be detailed to guard these 'queens' from rustlers like you."

They fell upon him with their hats and gloves till he broke into a run and they all disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

NINETEENTH CHAPTER

DURING all this time the sentinels on the hills missed little of the movements of the strange horsemen. They watched them as they dismounted and went into the Agent's house, and that seemed a victory for the cattlemen, but when a part of them remounted and rode away the chiefs were reassured, and Elk said: "I will go down and see what it all means."

One by one the principal native employees reappeared. Crane's Voice came out of the barn, where he had lain with his eyes to a crack in the wall, and Peter Big-Voice and Robert Wolf stepped cautiously into view from behind the slaughter-pen. Old Mary, the cook, suddenly blocked the kitchen doorway, and with tremulous lips asked: "Cowboys gone?"

"Yes, all gone," replied Jennie with a laugh.

"Good, good."

"Where have you been, Mary?"

She smiled. "Ice-house—heap cold."

"What did you go in there for?"

"Cowboy no good—mebbe so shoot."

"They won't hurt you," said Jennie gently. "Go to work again. The Captain will take care of you."

"Little Father no got gun—cowboy plenty gun. Tetong 'fraid."

"Little Father don't need gun now; you are all right," Jennie said, and Mary went to her work again, though nervously alert to every sound.

Meanwhile the office resounded with the furious argument of the Sheriff. "The whole western part of the State is disgusted with the way in which these Indians escape arrest. They commit all kinds of depredations and not one is punished. This has got to stop. We intend to learn this tribe it can't hide thieves and murderers any longer." He ended by blustering like a bully and tramping up and down.

"Produce your warrants and I'll secure the men," replied Curtis. "You shall not punish a whole tribe on a pure assumption. You must come to me with a warrant for a particular man—and when you receive him from me you must prove his guilt in court. As the case now stands you haven't the slightest evidence that an Indian killed this herder, and I will not give over an innocent man to be lynched."

As the Sheriff stormed up and down the office Lawson said in a low voice: "Delay, delay."

Curtis understood the necessity of gaining time, and as Lawson rose and went out of the door he said:

"I appreciate your feeling in this matter, Mr. Sheriff, and I am willing to do what is right. I shall call a council of my old men to-night and ask them to search for the murderer. An Indian cannot keep a secret. If one of the Tetongs killed your herder he will tell of it. I again suggest that you go back to your people and assure them that I will do all in my power to discover the murderer. Give me three days."

— the young men bruised each other's shins beneath the table in their zealous efforts to diminish the joy each one took in the sweet presence of his cupbearer

"They will not be satisfied unless we bring an Injun with us. We've got to do that or they'll come bilin' in here and raise hell. I propose to take old Crawling Elk himself and hold him till the tribe——"

"If you attempt such a crime I will put you off the Reservation in irons," replied Curtis sharply.

"Put me in irons! I think I see you doing that! Why, the whole State would rise and wipe you and your —— tribe out of existence." He turned threateningly.

"Be quiet, and keep your distance, or I'll put you in irons now! *Sit down!*"

These words were not spoken loudly, but they caused the Sheriff's face to blanch and his knees to tremble. There was a terrifying, set glare in the Captain's eyes as he went on.

"What do you suppose would be the consequences of firing upon an officer of the regular army in the discharge of his duty by a Sheriff acting outside the law? You have three men out there, but one of them is my friend, and you know the quality of Calvin Streeter. You know something of Wilson's spirit. I am in command of this Reservation." Lawson reentering at this moment Curtis said: "Mr. Lawson, ask Calvin to come in, please."

Calvin came in smiling. "Well, what's the upshot?"

"It is this, Calvin. The Sheriff has no warrant for anybody, and so is here without power to act. I have asked him to go back and wait till I can find some clue to the murderer. Do you consider that reasonable?"

"It sounds fair," replied Calvin thoughtfully.

"Now, the question of whether the State or county authority covers a Federal Reservation or not is too big a question for us to settle. You see that, Calvin?"

Calvin scratched his head. "It sure is too many fer me."

"Now, I'll compromise in this case, Mr. Sheriff. You discharge the rest of your deputies and send them away, while you and Calvin remain with me to attend a council; not to arrest anybody, but to convince yourself of my good-will in the matter. I will not permit you to be armed nor to arrest any of my wards, but when we have found some clue—have some suspect—I will secure him myself and turn him over to you. But I insist that you send away the men in the outer office."

Calvin spoke up. "I reckon the Major's right, Sheriff. How ye goin' to arrest a man if you don't know who he is? I reckon you better do as he says. I ain't a-lookin' fer no fuss with the Agent, and the United States Army only fifty miles off. I tell ye right now I won't help to arrest old Crawling Elk. It ain't usin' the old man white."

The Sheriff growled surlily. "All right, but there ain't no monkey-business about this. I get my man sooner or later, you bet your heart on that." As he called the other men in and spoke to them in a low voice, their faces fell and they blurted out in defiant phrases:

"I'll be —— if I do." "No—stick it out!" "Take old Elk and hold him till he produces the right man—that's the way we always do it."

The argument of the Sheriff could not be heard, but at last he prevailed over the men and they sullenly consented. The Sheriff scrawled a hasty note to the County Attorney explaining his failure to bring back a Tetong and containing a promise to bring his man later, and the deputies went out to saddle up. Their cursing was certainly forceful and varied.

Parker, seeing them come out, met them, inquiring anxiously:

"Well, what do you think of the situation?"

Greene looked at him surlily. "You belong here?"

"No, I'm just a visitor."

"Well, you better get out quick as God'll let ye."

"Why, what is going to happen?"

"Just this: we're goin' to have the man that killed Reddy Connors or we'll wipe out this whole greasy tribe. That's all," and they moved on cursing afresh.

Parker fell back aghast, and he watched them as they saddled their horses and rode off. He then tried once more to see Curtis. Wilson, after going in to speak to Curtis, came back to say: "He'll see you in a moment. He's sending out his police."

In a few moments six of the Indian policemen came filing out, looking tense and grave, and a moment later Curtis himself appeared.

"What is it, Parker?"

"What is going on, Captain? I am very anxious."

"You need not be. We have the matter well in hand at present. Wait a moment and I will go over to the house with you."

When he reappeared Lawson was with him. Nothing was said till they were well in the middle of the road. Then Curtis remarked carelessly:

"You attended to that matter, Lawson?"

"Yes, Crane's Voice is ten miles on his way."

"There go some dangerous messengers," said Curtis, lifting his eyes to the hillside, up which the cowboys were climbing, "but I don't think they'll do any harm now; their teeth are pulled."

Parker was importunate. He wished to understand the whole matter. Curtis was a little impatient. "I will explain presently," he replied, and nothing more was said till he came into the library, which was filled with the wives of the employees, the missionary, and some of the teachers. Jennie had reassured them as best she could, but they were eager to see the Agent himself.

Curtis smiled round upon them. "What's all this—a council of war?"

Jennie spoke quickly. "Tell us all that has happened, George."

"Nothing much has happened since dinner. I have persuaded the Sheriff to discharge all his deputies except Calvin, and he is to remain till to-morrow to attend a council of Elk's head men. I have sent for them to come in and we are going to find the murderer if possible. I consider the trouble over, now that the Sheriff has given up the attempt to capture Elk

(Continued on Page 18)

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

The French Viscount

WE FINALLY tore ourselves away from Avranches. Madame and her daughters, Paul the waiter, Auguste the auto-chaser, two of the masters from Berri's school, Armington and Guppy were in the courtyard to say good-by to us. There was no end of handshakings, French compliments and promises to come back next summer if possible, and it was all very genial and friendly.

Guppy's good-by filled me with curiosity. He put worlds of earnest, hidden meaning into his final handshake and murmured hurriedly, close to my ear:

"Don't worry, old man. I've promised Berrisford to do everything I can. As a matter of fact, I'm interested in the case; but even if I weren't I'd do anything in my power to keep you and Berri from worrying over this matter." Not knowing in the least what Berri had put him up to on their bicycle ride two days before, I simply looked deeply grateful—as one does when a person seems so obliging—pressed his hand in return.

"How on earth did you induce Guppy to stay at Avranches without us?" I demanded as Berri and I swung along the narrow path to the station. "I didn't induce him; he induced himself," Berri declared.

"But you told him something," I pursued; "you extracted a promise of some kind from him—because he referred to it just as we were leaving and made me feel as if we were under deep obligations to him."

"I extracted nothing whatever," Berri answered; "he did make promises, but they were just as voluntary—why, I couldn't begin to tell you how voluntary they were. All I did was to muse a little—out loud, of course—on my hopes and fears."

"Your hopes and fears! I didn't know you had any."

"Why, Granny, I suppose I'm one of the most hopeful, fearful things in the whole of France."

"Now, Berri—own up. What did you tell that poor, trusting creature?"

"You're so suspicious, Granny. I didn't tell him anything. We were lying down in the shade of some pine trees near that ugly pink château on the road to Villedieu and I merely exclaimed with my eyes closed: 'Well, well—it's too bad.'"

"What was?"

"That's what Guppy wanted to know."

"And then you told him. I knew you'd told him something."

"I didn't at all. I simply asked him if he didn't think it was. I didn't say that *I* thought so."

"Thought what?" I insisted.

"Why, that it was a shame Armington has studied so hard—slaved over his useless little 'skewpins' or whatever he calls them, and got all worried and nervous and run down."

"Did he believe it *was* a shame?"

"Well, rather. It hadn't occurred to him before particularly—the full force of it seemed to come over him all at once while we were stretched out there under the trees. Then I asked him if he didn't think something ought to be done about it, and wouldn't it be sad if poor Armington, friendless and alone, with his family three or four thousand miles away, should become quite unhinged and undertake to gather *coquelicots* on the railway track or go for a constitutional across the quicksands at low tide."

"Anything like that *would* be sad," I declared.

"Why, of course it would," Berri answered. "Guppy thought it would be simply awful and asked me if I thought there was any likelihood of its happening."

"What did you say then?"

"Oh, I said that I *hoped* not; but that in this vale of tears one could never be sure of anything. Then I added that you and I regretted so having to leave Armington. We do, you know—I've heard you say so."

"Of course I do; but it isn't because I'm afraid he's dotty. He's one of the sanest persons I know."

"Well, I didn't tell Guppy why you were sorry. How did I know? You never told me; you merely said that you were."

"Oh, Berri!"

"Then he asked me why we had to go, and I told him that I had promised to meet my mother at Dinard. Now, don't I—don't I?" Berri hastened to demand. "Aren't we going to Dinard?"

"Yes—but we're going to stop at Mont Saint Michel first."

"Oh, well—you don't have to tell people everything," Berri shrugged. "Dear me, I think you ought to be very grateful at getting rid of Guppy so pleasantly," he added. "He hardly spoke all the way home, and while I was getting ready for dinner he came into my room to say that he had been thinking the matter over and had come to the conclusion that some one ought to stay with Armington to divert his mind. As you and I couldn't—he would. I vow I didn't ask him to, or influence him in any way whatever; he worked the whole thing out himself, and he's exceedingly pleased at his responsibility."

"Did you make any comment?" I asked.

"Yes—I said that we would both appreciate his staying very, very much."

By this time we had reached the station and in a few minutes more I was watching the hill of Avranches flatten out in the distance and taking a last look at the meandering little paths along the river that I have learned to know so well.

In a direct line across the water it can't be more than six miles from Avranches to the Mont, but by rail it must be thirty. Until a few years ago the place at high tide was an island, rising lonely and mysterious from the turbid bay. To reach it you had to take a skiff or wait for the water to recede. There was an element of romance in the quicksands and in the speed (that of a "galloping horse," the guide-book says; a horse with a spavin on every leg, Berri declared later) with which the tide rushed in. But now a causeway like a long narrow ribbon connects the place with the mainland, and, if you care to wait, a railway train will gather you up at Pantorson and deposit you at the foot of Mont Saint Michel's impregnable fifteenth century walls and towers and bastions. We preferred not to wait and were soon bowling along the road in a luxurious, low-necked barouche.

I have little of what Duggie calls "historical imagination." As a rule, it's very hard for me to reconstruct the past merely because I happen to be in a locality that the guide-book says has a past. But at Mont Saint Michel you don't have to try. The place tells its own story, and although the monastery was used as a prison as recently as the Revolution, you can't help feeling that about five hundred years ago the story just stopped. While you are there (we went intending to spend the night and left with reluctance after four days) you simply have to live in the Middle Ages because there isn't any place else to live.

By the time we got out of the carriage and passed under the lofty stone gate into the village the wind from the sea was biting cold. Monsieur Poulard met us at the door of the—I don't know just what to call that room as it is the inn office, salon and kitchen all in one. The light of a wood fire in a huge stone-hooded fireplace was dancing over the walls and the copper saucepans on a dresser opposite the door, and illuminating the figure of a heroic-looking woman who stood a little to one side of the chimney, skillfully agitating an omelette in a saucepan with a wooden handle at least five feet long. This, of course, was the great Madame Poulard. The omelette just then was at too critical a stage for her to notice us, but when it was finished and carried away on a platter by a servant, she turned to welcome us and say a few words to Berri (she remembered his mother and father very well) before proceeding with another. At the back of the chimney the heavy lids of three black caldrons swung on cranes rose and fell under their bubbling contents and wafted out prophecies that were strangely delightful after our drive in the fresh wind. And in front near the floor, spitted on two iron rods that stretched clear across, four legs of mutton and eighteen fat, brown, dripping chickens majestically revolved before the gorgeous coals. It was like the ogre's dinner in a fairy tale.

Miss Smith is not like other Smiths

"What a magnificent fireplace!" Berri exclaimed looking up at the gigantic hood.

"It's magnificent," I agreed, "but it's brand-new."

"Modern, perhaps," Berri replied, "but brand—old," which struck me afterward as a nice distinction and characteristic of everything at Madame Poulard's. The inn swarms with tourists, who come for a meal—for an afternoon—for a night at the longest, in trains, in carriages, in automobiles, on bicycles and on foot. But strangely enough the throng doesn't seem to make the place less attractive. Madame Poulard, by ignoring the usual conventions of hotel keeping, somehow seems to make that impossible. Everybody is apparently so pleased to be there at all that he forgets to be disagreeable. It amuses one immensely, for instance, to learn that no record is kept of how long you stay, how many meals you've eaten, how many afternoon teas you've consumed, what wine you've had at dinner and whether you've taken coffee afterward—which in France is always "extra." You are expected to remember everything yourself and confess to Madame Poulard or her husband at the end. It's easy enough when you stay only for a few hours, but a visit of four days becomes complicated. Berri and I, when we found that we would have to make out our own bills, used to write everything down in a notebook as soon as we ordered it.

Although you see your dinner cooked in the dim room down in the village and eat it in another room overhead hung with hundreds of sketches that visiting artists have presented to Madame Poulard, you sleep in the *Maison Blanche*, or the *Maison Rouge*, or the *Maison Verte*, away up on the rock near the Abbey. Anywhere else you would probably object to bedrooms about the size of a billiard table—but here the little white cells merely seem monastic and in keeping. Besides, except when you're asleep you are rarely in your room. If you want to read or write or watch the tide creep in over the dappled waste of white sand, you sit just outside your door on a terrace gay with beds of asters, poppies, bachelor buttons, mignonette and roses, and covered, in part, by arbors of tangled honeysuckle, clematis and passion flowers. You have your coffee and rolls there in the morning, and, in fact, are there most of the time when you aren't paddling about in your bare feet on the warm, wet sand, or leaning over the ramparts in the sun, or wandering through the marvelous Gothic labyrinth at the top of the rock.

The Russian Grand Duke

This last you are supposed to visit with the crowd that gathers every hour at the door; but after we had been rushed through once without seeing much of anything Berri "talked pretty" to the guide in charge and he afterward let us go in and out as we pleased. He was an agreeable, good-looking chap who knew every stone in the place and resented the lack of intelligence in the average crowds he piloted about, as only a Frenchman who knows his subject can.

In discussing the monastery, Berri said: "Why is it that, if we wanted to build three refectories to-day, they wouldn't look a bit like these when they were finished?—although I've no doubt they would be three perfectly comfortable, more or less durable shelters."

"It's because," said the guide, running his fingers over an exquisite piece of molding in the cloister—"It's because, when we build nowadays, our idea is behind us, goading us on. The idea of the men who built all this soared ahead of them on wings and lifted them up to it."

As there is nothing to do in the evening beyond watching the phosphorescent waves break gently against the rocks away below you, people go to bed at Mont Saint Michel earlier even than they did at Avranches. Every one lights a paper lantern in Madame Poulard's kitchen before ascending the five or six hundred tortuous steps to the bedrooms, and as these wind-blown flames flicker uncertainly along the face of the rock, you catch from your terrace strange lurid glimpses, through the blackness, of a bed of flowers—a crumbling wall—a shrine—a grave in the tiny cemetery overlooking the sea.

After the quiet and sweetness, the poetry and religion of a place like that, it seemed at first almost wicked to find one's self at Dinard. Berri had told me that Dinard was fashionable, but I didn't realize that we were going to be mixed up the evening of our arrival with a Russian Grand Duke, a German "zu und von Schnupfenquelle-Engleburg," a French Viscount, an English guardsman, Lady Claude Bushel (it isn't pronounced that way, but I haven't time to explain how it *is* pronounced), Mrs. de Tabley-Monteagle, and Miss Smith. (Miss Smith is not like other Smiths; she's one of those cottage-on-the-cliffs-at-Newport-Champs-Élysées-apartment-steam-yacht-in-the-Mediterranean-dahabeah-on-the-Nile Smiths.) Of course, it all happened through Berri's mother.

She was waiting for us on the quay when we got out of the crowded little ferryboat that brings you across the bay from Saint Malo, and I've never seen anything so young and pretty as she was—all in white, with a fluffy white parasol, waving to Berri from a little victoria. She might easily be his sister. Their greeting simply paralyzed me. Mrs. Berrisford jumped out of the carriage and threw her arms about Berri's neck.

"Oh, my darling," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you've come—there isn't a good-looking man in the place. Don't scold me about my poor hair; it was only an experiment—

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of six sketches by Mr. Flandrau descriptive of the experiences and adventures abroad of the Harvard Sophomores, Granny and Berri. The next sketch will appear in three weeks.

everybody was doing it in Paris this spring—and I'm letting it go back. Don't you think it's horrid?"

"Why, no—it isn't bad," Berri answered. He put his hands on her shoulders and smiled at her adoringly. "It was sort of brown last year, wasn't it? Oh, I forgot—this is Granny." Mrs. Berrisford hadn't noticed me in the crowd and, owing to the excitement of the moment, I had escaped Berri's mind. She seemed glad to see me, and in a moment we were all clattering up the hill through the summery looking town—Mrs. Berrisford and I on the back seat and Berri on the little one facing us.

Well, at first I told myself with a pang that she didn't care for him at all; and I tried to picture mamma meeting me on a steamboat landing after a separation of ten months with the announcement that she had dyed her hair and was glad to see me because I was handsome! But since then I've come to believe that she's devoted to Berri, but not perhaps in the way to which I've been accustomed. It's real, only it isn't the same. You're told all your life that you mustn't expect people to be alike, and then the first time you meet some one different you proceed to be astounded.

"Are you going anywhere to-night?" Berri asked his mother as we were having tea in her salon. (She has a beautiful stone villa on one of the side streets that lead down to the beach.)

"Why, weeks ago," she began, "I promised the De Tabley Monteagles that I would dine there to meet the Grand Duke."

"Now if you're going to throw me over for that fatuous old eagle thing ——" Berri interrupted.

"Listen, my angel—Did you say three lumps, Mr. Wood? Because, if you did, I'll put in four—now darling, listen. When you wrote me that you would be here to-day I went over at once and told the woman that I simply couldn't dine with her. Naturally she was very cross with me—I could tell from the way she kissed me on both cheeks and said she was glad to see anybody nowadays who was 'all mother.' So you see, we three can either dine here quietly—which is always most depressing, don't you think?—or go to the Café de la Rotonde. Boldi's there again this year, you know—better than ever; only he has the annoying Hungarian habit of sneaking up behind one's chair and playing the most divine things to the back of one's neck. I'd tell him not to, but he's been so amiable lately about taking five-franc pieces when I've asked him to play things I like—he usually sniffs at anything but gold. He's been completely spoiled by people like the Smiths."

We dined at the café—a long, narrow terrace inclosed in glass on the edge of the beach. The casino is above it, and to the casino most of the De Tabley-Monteagle dinner-party adjourned at about eleven o'clock for the purpose of trying their luck with the *petits chevaux*—a gambling game where you bet on little tin horses that fly around in circles—and lose.

My introduction to smart society was full of surprises for me. Mrs. Berrisford had mentioned the names of some people whom we should probably see during the evening, and I couldn't help forming opinions about them beforehand that in every case proved to be astonishingly wrong.

The Grand Duke I had pictured as extremely dashing in a semi-barbarous fashion: a sort of cross between the Emperor of Germany and a Cossack in a Wild West show. In reality, he is a genial old thing of sixty who—if he weren't a Grand Duke—might be a retired stockbroker. He held my hand and patted the back of it when I was presented to him, and told me what a bad child Berri used to be—explaining that Berri had once dug a large hole on the beach, covered it with newspapers and sand, and then lured him into it.

Mrs. de Tabley-Monteagle, whom I had thought would be stout and pompous and dull, turned out to be one of those willowy Burne-Jones effects, who, everybody says, was a great beauty in her youth. She's almost six feet tall, but as she has a rhythmical manner of looping herself over furniture you end by thinking her graceful.

"Of course, Edwina de Tabley Monteagle is faded," Berri's mother agreed, "but she has faded in the marvelous, intense, English way—quite like lavender and rose-leaves in a horribly expensive bit of *cloisonné*."

The Schnupfenquelle-Engleburg man is a blond, pink-faced, grown-up-baby-looking creature in about the worst-fitting evening clothes I've ever seen. He seemed worried about his necktie, as well he might be; for it kept slipping up over his collar every few minutes and hanging about his neck like a silly little linen scarf of some kind. Berri says that in his uniform, at a distance that precludes your discovering his brain to be a mere sausage, he isn't bad.

The French Viscount is what we should call at home "fresh as paint." He thinks he's wonderfully English; but he's really just absurd; his monocle won't stay in, and I'm sure that, in spite of all his sporty chatter, he's dreadfully afraid of a horse. He hangs on every one of the guardsman's very occasional words. The guardsman, by the way, looks the part. He's perfectly beautiful and changes his clothes about five times a day. Lady Claude Bushel is what Berri calls "one of those lovely little creatures—all appealing blue eyes and feather boa." Nobody, he says, but the man who happens to be talking to her has ever really understood her.

Although from time to time these people, and the others of the party, would burst into French, everybody spoke fluent English with the exception of Miss Smith, whose home is somewhere in Central Illinois. She went to a convent near Paris and has been over here for so long—almost a year and a half now—that her native tongue comes hard.

"I like much the French people. Do not you?" she asked me as we were on our way back to the café—after Mrs. de Tabley-Monteagle and Lady Claude Bushel had lost on the *petits chevaux* not only their own money but what they had borrowed from the Grand Duke and the guardsman. Miss Smith is extraordinarily pretty; prettier even than Lady Claude. Berri says she's trying to decide whether it would be more brilliant to annex the Viscount or Schnupfenquelle-Engleburg. The guardsman's name is "Higgins"—which lets him out; and the Grand Duke is rich beyond the dreams of even a morganatic marriage.

I can't get over the contrast between Dinard and the other places we have been to. It's like looking at a flippant water-color sketch after you've gone through a gallery of old masters. Dinard is such a dainty, garish, shallow little spot with a lot of flimsy villas perched about on the rocks above one of the coziest, most secluded beaches imaginable. It's very gay; I've never been so gay before and never expect to be again.

In the morning we go down to the beach for a swim, which is good enough fun in itself—but the crowd is even more entertaining; hundreds of beautifully dressed women sitting under striped red and white awnings and in the patches of shade cast by the bathing machines. They read or embroider or talk to the men who stroll about from group to group. I didn't know that there were so many pretty children in the world; the beach is in an uproar with them all day long. little Russians in round white linen caps, with big placid eyes far apart; Du Maurier children from England—the little boys very dictatorial and manly, the little girls very lank and bewilderingly curled; French children, whose clothes as a rule are too fussy, and who never by any chance (no matter how they wallow in the sand or paddle in the water) seem to become soiled; little Italians who look like velvet-eyed angels and who behave like imps; and American children whom you wouldn't know are American if you didn't see the Stars and Stripes fluttering from their forts of sand. All these infants seem perfectly at home in any one of the three or four languages that happens for the moment to be shrieked. If you could see only their little bare legs you would think Dinard is chiefly inhabited by a race of diminutive Indians.

Of course Berri has made friends with most of them and spends whole afternoons helping to build forts for the tide to wash flat. If it weren't for them I think he would be even more critical of Dinard than he is. To me it's all so new that I like it. People have asked us to luncheon and dinner every day since we've been here—at their villas, at the new club or at the café. We've been to a dance at the casino and are going to another—a smaller one—at the club. Then, too, Mrs. Berrisford seems to have a good many luncheons and dinners on her own account. In the afternoon we sometimes drive over to the golf club and sometimes we have tea at the cafe.

"Oh, yes, it's very entrancing," Berri said one day when I asked him why he didn't seem to be having a better time. "I enjoy it myself for just about a week. But I'm convinced that any grown and able-bodied man who can endure it for longer ought to be taken out and shot. You must remember, Granny, that I've seen Mrs. de Tabley-Monteagle smoke cigarettes with that intricate Delsarte arm movement and bejeweled little finger with which she seeks to make smoking refined ever since I was four years old; and nowadays, when Lady Claude Bushel tells me that I'm the only living person who really understands her, I can recollect perfectly in the bright hexagon of my precocious childhood sitting on the laps of other Lady Claudes and wondering what they meant when they said more or less the same thing to somebody else. I get awfully tired of meeting over and over again people that you never get to know any better—chiefly because there isn't anything more to know. And it makes me sick to be so much with people who take the trivial so seriously and who don't take the serious at all—or who pretend they don't even when they do. The thing Mrs. Onslow said to you is an example of what I mean."

Mrs. Onslow is another pretty English woman—pale and ethereal, with a lot of burnished red brown hair. She has a daughter nine years old that Berri is very fond of. One afternoon I was having tea with Mrs. Onslow and another lady and Higgins at the café. All at once the people on the beach began to swarm across the sand and collect in a dense crowd near the edge of the water. For a moment I forgot myself sufficiently to express interest and asked a waiter what had happened. He didn't know, but said there had probably been an accident in the water and placed the field glasses he had been looking through on our table. Mrs. Onslow languidly lifted them to her eyes, swept the horizon, and then, turning her back on the scene, suppressed a yawn and said:

"I dare say it's my infant."

Now, of course, before making this remark she had been very careful to ascertain that her infant at that moment was busily engaged some twenty feet away in pouring shovelfuls of sand on Berri's best white flannel suit. Just why she said the thing at all I'm sure I don't know, unless, as Berri declares, it's very swagger to pretend that you don't care about things when you really do.

"The burning question of the hour," Berri concluded, "the thing that has given conversation a new lease of life and bids fair to make the season brilliant in the local annals, is whether that preposterous little Smith girl is going to purchase the German or the Frenchman. Now in all sincerity I don't care. And when you've reached that stage, it means you've had enough."

The Schnupfenquelle-Engleburg man is a blond, pink-faced, grown-up-baby-looking creature

It wasn't a bit like Berri to talk in this strain; he's just the kind of person that, I should think, would enjoy a place like Dinard and get no end of amusement out of it. For a while I wondered why he didn't look at it more simply and take things, in his usual way, as they come. He puzzled me. Then gradually the difference of our points of view dawned on me and I ended by feeling, somehow, very sorry for Berri. To me, of course, being here is merely a novel and delightful incident in a summer vacation; but to Berri it means "home." Home with him is wherever his mother happens to be amusing herself and the fact depresses him.

He cheered up the other day, however. We received two telegrams from Avranches that had been repeated from our banker's in Paris:

Where are you? Can't stand Guppy any longer. The man is driving me mad.
ARMINGTON.

Armington escaped this morning. Has behaved in strange manner for several days. Fear for the worst. What shall I do?
GUPPY.

The Making of a Statesman

By Joel Chandler Harris

Author of The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

"Emily," he whispered

PART II

(Concluded from last week)

EMILY was indeed in the depths of humiliation. At first, when she came to look over her father's papers, she could hardly believe the evidence of her own senses. He had preserved every scrap, apparently with miserly care, and they filled a huge oak chest that had once been used as a clothes press. Of all the papers that Emily had the courage to look through, not one was in the handwriting of her father. Here were all his speeches, carefully written out and labeled. Accompanying each was a complete memorandum of directions, in addition to the copious side and foot notes in the manuscript. Everything was set forth with the most painful particularity. Here, indeed, were the evidences of a successful school of oratory, and in the handwriting Billy Spence, the dependent, stood confessed as the teacher. Here were the raw and the refined material, and it was Billy's mind, Billy's brains, that had carried Meredith Featherstone through the shoals, the shallows, the shifting sands, and the deep waters of statesmanship.

At first, and for some time, Emily felt that she had been cruelly deceived and cheated. Then, when the shock of her discovery had somewhat subsided, she began to realize the nature of the sacrifice that Billy Spence had made. She began to perceive the real extent of the unselfish devotion he had shown in obliterating his own individuality, and in putting his own ambitions aside. There must have been, there must be, she thought, some good and sufficient reason for this unheard of sacrifice. What was it? She went from the library straight to the room where her father lay. As she came to the door she saw Billy Spence tenderly smoothing the dead man's hair. The sight drove out of her mind the questions she had framed, and, womanlike, she fell back weakly on the idea that she had been deceived. It is woman's way to hark back to first impressions.

But when she and Mr. Spence were out of hearing of the two old men the great question recurred to her—Why had he surrendered his own career to make one possible for her father? Never before had a man, and a young man at that, done himself such gross, such unnecessary injustice. He had received no salary, and his very clothes were shabby. Womanlike, she accompanied the inquiry with a running fire of comment.

He stood before her with his head bent. "I have had my compensations, Emily," he said.

"What were they?" she cried, her sobs choking her.

"Your mother was kind to me to the day of her death, and there have been times, even of late, Emily, when you were kind. Was there not compensation in this?"

In her agony of mind she could have groveled at his feet, but instead, she fell on the sofa and beat it wildly with her hands.

"You are taking it too seriously, Emily," he said when her inarticulate cries had ceased. "I would do it all over again with a happy heart if I could bring back the old times and all who were here then. Your mother wanted your father to become a distinguished man; so did you. And after he had entered upon that first campaign we could not retrace our steps. Don't you see how impossible it was? Your father regretted it a great deal worse than I did; it was a terrible burden to him from the first. Let your condemnation fall on me, and not on his memory. I am the dishonest one."

Once more she began to beat wildly on the cushions of the sofa, crying "And I have been unkind to you! Oh, Heaven! have mercy on me! Have mercy!"

He said no more, but stood watching her, grieving because of her grief, his whole being inflamed with love and pity for her. She grew quieter after a while, and finally rose from the sofa. Pausing for one brief instant, as though to collect her confused and scattered wits, she went into the room where the two old men were sitting with the dead.

"Mr. Weaver," she said, "it is now past midnight, and you and Mr. Tuttle will need some rest. My aunt will be down directly, and she and Mr. Spence"—it was the first time they had ever heard her call him so—"will sit up the rest of the night."

This information would have been very welcome to the old men if their curiosity had not been aroused, for they were already beginning to feel the effects of the unaccustomed vigil, but they protested that they never felt wider awake in all their lives.

Emily insisted, however, and they finally yielded. As they went along the walk to the gate, Mr. Weaver nudged Mr. Tuttle, and pointed over his shoulder with his thumb. "It's jest like I tell you," he declared. "Billy's been up to some kind of devilment, an' Em'ly wants a chance for to rake him over the coals. I wouldn't like to be in Billy's shoes, be jinged ef I would!"

"She ain't dumb when she's in a tantrum, Em'ly ain't," remarked Mr. Tuttle.

"No, Brother Tuttle, none on 'em ain't dumb, contrive 'em! but Em'ly has got language enough for the whole settlement. By jacks ef she ain't!"

The two old men toddled on home, glad of the timely release from a vigil that had already begun to weigh heavily on their eyelids, yet burning with curiosity to know what Billy, the dependent, had been doing to excite the ire of Miss Featherstone. Though their curiosity was not appeased, they chuckled at the idea that this man, who stood in their eyes as a vagabond and a loafer, had at last been found out.

Emily seated herself near the fireplace, and Billy Spence sat on the opposite side. She kept her eyes on his face, but never once did he look at her. On the contrary, he gazed at the flickering flames on the hearth and on the queer shadows that they cast. Finally she spoke.

"Has any provision been made for you in father's will?"

"None whatever," he replied.

"I should have thought that after—after all you have done——"

"Don't be too hard on your father, Emily. It was his purpose, his desire to leave me something. But I convinced him that a bequest to me would create talk and arouse suspicion. Why, suppose that you had gone on in ignorance of what you have found out—what would your feelings have been if I had come in for a share—even the smallest—of the property here?"

"I should have resented it," she frankly admitted. "But n—w——"

"Most certainly you would," he said. "But now you have nothing to resent, and I have nothing to regret."

"But now," she persisted—she was a young woman hard to put down—"the property is mine, and I can do what I please with my own."

He divined—or thought he did—the proposition she was leading up to, and he rose from his chair, his face very red at first and then suddenly pale. "Emily, your contempt for me has been a burden hard to bear, but I have borne it. Through it all I have never had one unkind thought of you. With the lights before you, you were entirely justifiable. But I beg you to refrain from grinding me into the dust. Say no more about property. In the course of a very few days I shall cease to annoy you."

"You know that you do not annoy me," she said very quietly. "What do you propose to do?"

He made no reply to this, but stood leaning against the high mantel, gazing into the fire.

"You are to remain here," she went on; "you are to remain here just as though nothing had happened." Still he made no reply. It seemed as if his mind was concerned with matters and things far beyond her comprehension. "I said you were to remain here," she insisted.

"I heard you, Emily," he made answer. Her declaration brought a rosy glow to her face, but Billy Spence paid as little attention to the blush as he did to her words. He was wondering where and how he should begin life again. He moved away from the fireplace, and began to pace slowly up and down the room. Emily, for her part, leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, while Uncle Ishmael in the next room sat and nodded.

Some weeks after the funeral of Meredith Featherstone the household suddenly awoke to the fact that Billy Spence had disappeared. The man's habits, developed during the long period when he was engaged in initiating his friend and patron in the arts and methods of what is loosely called statesmanship, were very irregular. He frequently turned night into day; and there had been seasons, as, for instance, in the midst of a warm campaign, when he would lock himself in for days at a time, depending on Uncle Ishmael to keep him supplied with coffee, of which he consumed large quantities, rejecting for the most part all substantial food. At the end of such a period Mr. Spence would issue forth from his room pale, haggard and hollow-eyed, a condition that set afoot the rumor, believed by all the household save the master and Uncle Ishmael, that he had locked himself in to enjoy a spree.

As may be supposed, the habits of Mr. Spence grew regular in their irregularity. If he was missing, no one asked after him, the supposition being that he would make his appearance in a few days, somewhat the worse for wear. So now, when he disappeared shortly after the funeral, the members of the household supposed that he was locked in his room. Uncle Ishmael, for the first day or so, did as he had been doing all along. Morning, noon and night he placed a pot of coffee, with biscuit and butter, on a chair, tapped lightly on the door as a signal that the food was there, and went his way.

But presently the old negro discovered that Mr. Spence was not drinking the coffee nor eating the food he carried up, and then he began to investigate. He knocked on the door loudly, but received no answer. He knocked again and again, but the result was the same. Then he tried the bolt, and the door opened, at his push, so suddenly and unexpectedly that Uncle Ishmael was within one of falling. Everything about the room was in order and in place with the exception of the few belongings of Mr. Spence. These were gone, and so was their owner. When the old negro realized this, which he was not slow to do, he drew a long breath and shook his head, for he was very fond of his Marse Billy as he called him.

Uncle Ishmael reflected for some little time, uttering his thoughts aloud. "He gone! he sho is gone! An' ef dey don't keep a mighty close eye on Ishmael, he'll be gone, too. It wuz bad nuff fer marster ter go, but wid Marse Billy gone dey won't be no livin' on de place." He looked around the room and shook his head again. "I know'd it; I know'd it mighty well. Trouble is got a mighty sight er kinfolks, an' when one come an' set down in de house, you better make room fer de rest. Ef I had my way——"

Uncle Ishmael was going on to say that if he had his way he would scour the country until he found Billy Spence, but he was interrupted. He heard his Miss Emily calling him. She was standing at the top of the stair-landing.

"Uncle Ishmael! Uncle Ishmael!"

"Here me, Miss Em'ly," he answered, stepping out into the passage.

"Tell Mr. Spence I'd like to speak with him a moment if he's not too busy."

"I wish I could, ma'am," replied the old negro; "I wish ter de Lord I could! I'd tell 'im so quick it'd make yo' head swim."

"What do you mean?"

"He ain't here, Miss Em'ly, an', ef I didn't know better, nobody couldn't make me b'lieve dat he been here sence year 'fo' las'."

"Why, I heard you talking to him," Emily insisted. She came forward and went into the room, Uncle Ishmael following her. "I thought I heard his voice," she said, turning to the old negro.

"'Twuz in yo' min', honey, not in de room," he answered.

"Well, I'm sure I heard you talking."

"Yassum, you did. I wuz makin' a speech. It look like it run in de fambly fer ter make speeches." If he noticed how red her face turned at the allusion he ignored it. "Look at dat room," he went on; "look at de places whar he hung up his close, sech es he had, an' whar he uster set his shoes, an' whar he kep' his kyarpit-sack! Look at um, honey, an' try ter foller in yo' min' whar he gone. Talk 'bout niggers! Ef Marse Billy Spence ain't wuss off dan any nigger in de lan' you kin take my head fer a ban'box. In de name er de Lord, what is de man got? He ain't got nuff cloze fer ter las' 'im fum here to town, an' in all de time he been here he ain't had but two frien's in de worl'—des two. Marster wuz one on um."

"Who was the other?" Emily asked. Her face was very pale now, and it was plain that she was suffering mentally.

"No needs fer ter call his name," replied Uncle Ishmael. "He ain't nothin' but a nigger—a nasty, no-'count ol' nigger. Ef he wuz any 'count, he'd be wid Marse Billy right

now. Marster done gone, an' Marse Billy Spence done make his disappearance. Much good his nigger frien'll do him! Yit he ain't got no yuther."

"What you say is simply not true, and you know it!" cried Emily. Her indignation—she thought it was indignation—was so great that she could hardly control her voice She swept out of the room with great dignity, and went to her own. Whether she fell into a fit of weeping, or delayed to bite her finger-nails, it would be difficult to say

It is sufficient to know that while Uncle Ishmael was still chuckling over the fact that he had stirred the feelings of his young mistress, she reappeared in the passageway fully equipped for an outdoor expedition

"Uncle Ishmael," she said, "I want you to take one of the carriage-horses, and find out if you can which way Mr. Spence went. He may be wandering in the woods for all we know Don't waste any time, and don't wait; go now, and go in a hurry."

"Miss Em'ly, you sholy ain't gwine out nowhar, is you?" inquired Uncle Ishmael with some solicitude. "Kaze I hear Miss Kitty"—this was the aunt—"say p'intedly dat you can't go nowhar inside of a mont', er sech a matter. She say ef you does folks'll do some mighty talkin'."

"Let them talk. I am going to ask the advice of Major Perdue——" She paused and looked at the floor reflecting Then suddenly: "No, I'm not. Go find Aunt Minervy Ann and tell her I want to see her. Tell her to come at once

You sho is sayin' sump'n now, Miss Em'ly. Dey ain't no love lost 'twix' me an' dat nigger 'oman—her tongue too long an' too loud fer me—but dey can't nothin' happen dat she don't know it. She wuz here de night we-all wuz settin' up wid marster, an' she wanter come in, but I 'lowed dat you don't wanter be 'sturbed

"Well, you had no business to say anything of the kind. I am always willing to see Aunt Minervy Ann. Go and find her."

No needs fer ter hunt much, ma'am. She one er de kind dat ain't never been lost." This was so true that, as Uncle Ishmael went out at the front gate, Aunt Minervy Ann came in at the rear, and it was not long before Emily, upstairs, heard her wandering from room to room talking to herself

"Dis is what I calls housekeepin', myse'f," she was saying. "Not a nigger on de place fer ter keep folks fum walkin' in an' totin' eve'ything off. Whar ol' Ish? I bet you de ol' hoodoo is settin' in some sunny place, chock full er dram, an' fast asleep. I wish he stayed up town dar, whar Marse Tumlin could git a chance ter fling a hatful er cuss-words at 'im once er twice a day. How-dy, Miss Em'ly? How you feelin', honey?" This as the young woman, robed in black, came wearily downstairs. "But I nee'nt ter ax you dat, kaze you ain't lookin' well a bit, not one bit Well, honey, time you see ez much trouble ez ol' Minervy Ann you won't droop much when it hit you. You'll be case-hardened; yes'm, dat's de word—case-hardened. I laid off fer ter come yistiddy an' de day befo', but Marse Bollivar Blasengame's cook tuck'n run'd off, an' Marse Tumlin had de fidgets. Dey sho had me gwine!"

Aunt Minervy Ann paused and gazed hard at the young woman with an inscrutable expression in her face. Resuming, she spoke in a low, confidential tone. "Honey, dey's a mighty quile"—she meant coil—"'roun' here some'rs; I dunner 'zackly what 'tis, an' I dunner whar 'tis, but it's sho is some'rs close aroun'. I want ter ax you dis—how come you-all ter drive Billy Spence off? What he been doin'?"

"Drive him off! Why, what do you mean?" She seated herself. Ordinarily Aunt Minervy Ann would have flopped down on the floor by the side of a chair or a sofa, but now she remained standing

"Billy Spence is gone, ain't he?" the negro woman asked. "He ain't here, is he? Now, honey, you know des ez well ez I does dat Billy Spence wouldn't 'a' gone 'way fum here less'n he wuz driv off. Ef you don't know it, I know it; I know it by de way he use ter talk ter me

"Why, I didn't know he was gone until a few minutes ago, and I'm not sure of it even now. I —all of us—wanted him to stay here. He has no other home to go to."

"Ain't it de trufe! Ain't it de Lord's trufe!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann with unction. "An' you ain't know he wuz gone tell des now! Well, dat's one er de reasons he's gone, an' de main reason—an' I don't blame him. I know'd he wuz gone day 'fo' yistiddy, er maybe de day 'fo' dat. I seed him gwine 'long de road, an' he wave his han' at me. He had a ol' kyarpit bag dat look like it come out er de ark—ef he'd 'a' shuck it right hard it'd 'a' fell ter pieces—an' he wuz walkin'; walkin' wid holes in his shoes dat you could put yo' finger in

"Maybe I'm de biggest fool in de worl'," Aunt Minervy Ann went on, "but when I seed 'im gwine off like dat I could a fit a cow-pen full er wildcats—yes'm, wildcats. I speck I know'd Billy Spence better'n anybody else did. I seed long ago—sence Miss Ma'y Lou died—how he wuz gwine ter rack, an' I done his washin', an' I done his mendin'. In all dis roun' worl', honey, dey ain't never been no lonesomer white man dan dat—an' he ain't no lonesomer now, wharsomever he is, dan what he been all de time"

Seeing that the young woman was not disposed to show any temper, though she had enough and to spare, Aunt Minervy Ann allowed her own feathers to fall, as the saying is She went closer to the young woman.

"Honey, how come you ter let 'im go?"

"I told you I didn't know he was gone until a few minutes ago.

"Couldn't you 'a' helt out yo' han' ter de man? Honey, you dunner what you done th'ow'd away Why, dat man—but ne'r min' 'bout dat; 'tain't none er my business"

"Why didn't you come and tell me he was gone?" asked Emily helplessly

Who—me? Why, honey, I wuz too mad. Ef I'd 'a' come in dis house dat day, you'd 'a' had ter call in folks ter gag me fer ter keep me fum hurtin' yo' feelin's."

"Where do you suppose he has gone?"

"De worl' is wide, honey, an' he had it all befo' 'im, but when I seed 'im last he wuz gwine 'long down de Hillsborough road

"He was born there," said Emily

"Yes'm, I know dat, but he been 'way fum dar so long dat all dem what used ter know him done fergot dat he's on top er de groun'."

Whether it was the homing instinct, or a mere accident of his miserable condition, Billy Spence had turned his steps in the direction of Hillsborough. He got along well enough the first ten miles, but after that his energy seemed to leave him, and he walked along in a dazed condition. When he sat down to rest he found it very difficult to start again Occasionally he was shaken by rigors, and, finally, a desire to sleep overcame him—a desire that Nature would not permit him to resist. He found a place in a fence corner, and stretched himself upon the grass with a sigh.

—never once did he look at her
On the contrary, he gazed at
the flickering flames on the hearth

The clouds which had been gathering for some time finally found themselves in a condition to bestow some of their moisture on old mother earth, and this they proceeded to do. They gave forth a fine drizzle that filtered down on the just and the unjust, and, incidentally, on poor Billy Spence. But it made no difference to him. If a wild storm had burst over him sleep would still have held him in its chains, for he was buried in the stupor of fever. As it was, only the gentle dews of Heaven were sifting down upon his hot, flushed face What would have happened if Providence had been trying to sleep off the effects of a fever it would be hard to say; but Providence was wide awake and watchful, and at the proper moment it decided that the proper man should pass along that way. This was old Doctor Tomlinson, of Hillsborough, one of Providence's prime favorites. He was called Doctor Tom, and was known and beloved from one end of the State to the other.

Doctor Tom was returning from a visit to a patient in the country, and he was suddenly aroused from his reflections by the fact that his old gray mare—a veteran in the practice of medicine—had stopped stock-still in the road. She had caught sight of Billy Spence stretched out in the fence corner. It seemed to be a case that demanded her attention. Doctor Tom, not understanding the meaning or the motive of the old nag, slapped her with the left rein, but she switched her tail scornfully, as much as to say that if he wasn't doctor enough to see trouble ahead she'd keep him there till he found it out

"What's the matter? Confound you!" cried Doctor Tom with a great show of heat. The only reply the old gray made was to strike the ground with one of her hind feet and cock her ears forward in the direction of Billy Spence. "If I had a shotgun I'd fire both barrels right slambang into you!" exclaimed Doctor Tom. The gray mare paid no attention to this burning threat. She knew by long experience what a humbug the man was. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and, in spite of the fact that he pretended to be angry and out of temper every day in the year, those who knew him well declared that his great weight was the result of his big heart. What a world this would be if the rest of us deserved such a compliment as this!

Apparently the old gray concluded that Doctor Tom, seated in his gig, with a bush or two intervening, was unable to see what she so plainly saw, so she cautiously advanced a few paces, as if to reconnoitre. This movement was successful, for Doctor Tom was able to see at once what the trouble was. He was out of his gig in a jiffy, being very active in spite of his rotundity.

"Tut, tut, tut!" he exclaimed regretfully. Then, when he had made a closer inspection: "Dog take me if it ain't Billy Spence! And fever, world without end!" He shook Billy by the arm. "Get up from here, man! Wake up! Stir yourself!"

You don't say it right," said Billy, somewhat impatiently. "You should lift both hands as high as your head—so——" he tried to lift his hands, but couldn't—" and you should be a little more in earnest. Where's your vigor?"

"I'll show you where it is if you don't get up from there!" cried Doctor Tom; and with that he shook Billy so vigorously that he brought the sick man's mind back to earth again for a brief period "Come! get up. Here's my gig right at hand. Get up, man, before you are soaked through."

Billy tried to respond by rising, and he partially succeeded, but he would never have found his feet if Doctor Tom had not been there to help him. After several efforts he was placed in the gig, the old gray mare waiting patiently for this unexpected addition to her load

Once in the vehicle the sick man collapsed and lay on the seat. "You'll have to do better than that, Billy," said Doctor Tom. "This gig ain't much too big for one, and you'll have to brace up a bit if I'm to get in."

But Billy's mind had run away again. "The only way to do it," he declared glibly, "is to place the emphasis on the strong words, and give the whole sentence the force of action."

Doctor Tom managed to "scrouge in the gig," as he expressed it, and as they rode along he gave Billy the benefit of a very thorough examination. He found that the sick man was suffering from a raging fever, and then he astonished the old gray mare by urging her into a faster gait than her ordinary jog trot

They've turned you out, lock, stock and barrel," remarked Doctor Tom, more to himself than to his companion, but Billy was in a talkative mood. His fever was so high that the whole world was out of gear to him; his mind was groping feebly about in the past

That was Catiline," he said in reply to the doctor's remark. "'Not banished, but set free'" Then he wandered again, his poor brain doing its best to show an imaginary dullard how to make a speech—complaining, beseeching, and sometimes praising. Doctor Tom drove straight to his own home, and, once there, gave some energetic orders, helping with his own hands to carry them out, so that in a very short time Billy was in bed, where he rolled and tossed and wrestled with his imaginary task. In that house he had all the nursing that was necessary, and perhaps a little more, for Doctor Tom's wife remembered Billy as a little boy. She had been fond of him then, and now her whole heart was in the attention which she bestowed on him night and day

Poor Billy's attack was very serious For years he had been living under a strain as it were, and in suspense. He had been doing his work in the unhealthy atmosphere of secrecy, and his whole system had been practically broken down before the fever began its ravages. For several days and nights Doctor Tom shook his head doubtfully as he sat by the sick bed. He studied the case as thoroughly as he knew how, and he marshaled all his experience in behalf of his patient; but there was something lacking, something that needed to be done. What it was Doctor Tom could not discover

On the fifth day of Billy's illness it chanced that Major Tumlin Perdue was in Hillsborough on business. Doctor Tomlinson saw him at a distance, and signaled a desire to speak with him.

"Major Perdue," he said, "why did the Featherstones turn Billy Spence out to grass as soon as Meredith died?"

"Why, I don't think they did," responded the Major; "not at all; quite the contrary. You've got the thing backwards. If such a rumor is blowing about, please give it the lie. Yes, sir, give it the lie, and use my name. My daughter and Emily are great friends, and I know that Emily is very much distressed about the matter. Nobody knows why

(Concluded on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Published every Saturday by
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶Women are the real scientific experts; they break men's hearts without hurting them.

¶The author of many editions shows a disposition to let fame take all the time it wants so long as the royalties are prompt

¶The heroes of the Philippines are those who were sent there first. There seems to be nothing but hard, dismal work left for the others.

¶The man who writes the biography of De Wet will have to travel over a large part of South Africa, know topography and be an expert fox hunter

¶Mr. Lewis Nixon, who succeeded Croker as the head of Tammany Hall, declares that the cornerstone of the building shall be honesty. If it is to be as big as the old cornerstone they will have to erect a new building

¶The good newspaper has circulation; the good preacher has crowded congregations; the good doctor has many patients; the good worker has big wages; and the complaints about the lack of success are almost always due to the lack of some necessary quality, to some fatal inclination, or to downright laziness.

¶There is often unexpected humor found in the industrial news of the world. A consular report from England states that recently there was a strike of teamsters in an English town because their employer refused to discharge a driver who had made a journey to a neighboring town in three hours' less time than they themselves had been accustomed to take.

¶In twenty years beer drinking in Germany has increased fifty per cent. and during the past year it averaged fifty seven gallons a head throughout the Empire, and rose to two hundred and twelve gallons a head in Bavaria. This means a gallon a week for every man, woman and child in the country, and more than a gallon for every two days in Bavaria. Germans say Americans cannot drink beer as Germans do. One thing is quite sure: if America should try it, there would be some wonderful disclosures in the next census.

Why Did Not America Win?

THAT the United States and Great Britain are not in every respect the leaders of the world, as they deem themselves to be, and that they should feel a due degree of humbleness, is shown by the report of the awards recently made under the will of the late Alfred B. Nobel, the Swede who invented dynamite, and left a fortune of over two million dollars to be distributed for the benefit of the world

Annually six prizes are given to those men or women, of whatever nationality, who contribute most materially to the benefit of mankind in medicine, in chemistry, in physics, in literature, or in works of peace. The prizes are well worth winning, being each some forty thousand dollars in amount.

As the South African War and the Philippine War are still raging, neither our own country nor England need feel surprised or disappointed that Switzerland and France bore off the honors for beneficent works of peace. If the prizes were for works of war indeed, we might expect a very different result.

But that, in the other branches, neither of the two great countries that have so vaunted themselves are represented, is a highly noteworthy fact

The prize in the domain of physics goes to a German, and to Germans go also the awards for achievement in chemistry and in medicine. Not even in literature was either the country of Shakespeare or that of Hawthorne represented, for the literary prize went to a Frenchman.

As no attention whatever is, in the award of prizes, paid to the nationality of the men who have achieved things, the failure of the two leading countries to be represented is matter for humiliation and thought. Is there too much attention paid to mere money-making? Too much to winning success along sordid lines? The Englishman and the American should bestir themselves to discover the reason for their failure, and should determine to win in the coming year in this contest for supremacy among those who would be deemed benefactors of their race.

Hard work is a preventive of hard times.

Our Light Colonial Load

THE Census Bureau has issued a statement, showing that the total population under the Government of the United States is 84,233,069. Of these, 6,961,339 belong to the Philippines, 953,243 to Porto Rico, 154,001 to Hawaii, 9000 to Guam, 6100 to Samoa, and the rest to the old United States.

Compared with other Powers, our share of the "white man's burden" does not appear to be unduly heavy. The only real burden we are carrying is in the Philippines, and the entire population of that group is only one-eleventh of our own. And it is in only half of the Philippines that we are having any serious trouble. The southern islands have been ostensibly friendly to us from the start, and as our Government there goes on the principle of asking nothing from them but "civility, and little of that," this satisfactory situation seems very likely to continue.

Great Britain, with a population of about 40,000,000, rules 300,000,000 in India and many millions more in other parts of the world. France rules about as many dark-skinned subjects as she has Frenchmen at home. Holland governs dependencies containing about seven times her own population. Even Portugal manages, after a fashion, to keep her flag flying over distant territories of more than the population of her kingdom and of nearly thirty times its area.

Compared with these top-heavy colonial empires, the system of the United States is solidly based. All of our colonies together have less than one-sixth the population and one-thirtieth of the area of the mother country. Evidently, there is no danger that our centre of gravity will shift. We may make blunders in dealing with the Philippines and Porto Rico; we may do things we should rather have left undone; but whatever our mistakes may be they can cost us nothing more than humiliation. So long as the huge majority of the people under our flag are participants in the Government, our system will be in too stable equilibrium to be shaken.

Moreover, a disaster that should strip us of our colonies, if such a thing were conceivable, would do us no serious harm. We should still be where we were four years ago, with the great bulk of our resources unimpaired

Imagine the British Empire cut down to the little islands in the North Atlantic, or Holland reduced to the half-drowned strip of land on the German Ocean! To such Powers as these the loss of their colonial empires would be a disaster that would change their whole position in the world. To us, it would be merely an annoyance in which many people would see a benefit.

Matrimony is a beau knot that is not always easily untied.

Life in the Instant Age

FOR many years France has wanted to institute telegraphic connections with her colonies in Northern Africa and with the country lying south of them. Lines have been strung in some places, but the wandering tribes have poor respect for the wires; and they seem to consider it a duty to cut them down and carry them away. Of course the impossibility of guarding lines stretching across deserts and wilds is manifest. Indeed, the plan had been abandoned when Marconi discovered the means by which wireless messages can be sent, and then the French Government saw at once the value of the method to its own political plans. So it dispatched its messengers to go over and to examine, as quickly as possible, the African territory, and to hurry back with their observations. The reports are all favorable, and France will soon be telegraphing through the African air, from point to point, from oasis to oasis, over the wild and desert wastes

Meanwhile Marconi's discovery has sent down the price of cable stocks, and the spokesman of a company which plans to put a cable across the Pacific said, before a Congressional committee, that if the organizers had known of Marconi's success before they began their plans the company might never have been formed. So we have, in these remarkably interesting instances, proofs of the alertness of the civilization of the present day. The world jumps to seize a new discovery or a new invention

And all this is further illustrated by human experience So many great corporations have lost vast sums by not acting quickly enough in modernizing their equipments that they now employ high-salaried experts simply to learn, as quickly as possible, all about the latest inventions or discoveries which may aid or injure their interests. A proven system that would affect electric traction would attract an army of electrical investigators, and anything that would increase the cheapness of transportation by railroads would have a long line of serious men waiting in its front office.

The United States has done more to teach this lesson to the world than have all the other countries combined. By instantly appreciating and then instantly applying new knowledge it has dazed the greatest manufacturing nation, England, and has carried off fortunes and honors which that country believed were securely in its own hands. But this business phase is an old story—the larger meaning is in the application to the thought and action of the day.

Indeed, it rather alarms us Will it all end in taking sleep by relays in order to get it at all? Or will the millionaire of the future be a confirmed somnambulist? And yet, as the tide of events moves on, we do not find a diminution of either good living or good looks—or, which is more to the point, of longevity. People live longer nowadays and they get more out of life. So, even in this instant age, we should be thankful for our alert faculties and feel sure that happiness is not decreasing.

Life insurance agents should not be too persistent. If they talk a man to death he dies without insurance.

The Power of the Trusts

IT IS a disquieting report that gives, officially, from Washington, the total capitalization of 183 business combinations in this country—what the public calls trusts—as $3,607,539,200. Such a stupendous sum and the fact that a few men, a mere handful, practically control it (for the great men of one combination reach over into another) may well be cause for alarm

And yet there are other ways of considering the matter Great though the sum is, it does not, as some excitable men declare, equal all the other wealth of the country. The taxable value of property in Greater New York alone (and that is very much less than the actual value of property in that city) is some millions of dollars beyond the total capitalization of the great trusts of the country.

And take the monster billion dollar trust. Huge though that is, it may not be looked upon as so absolutely overpowering when we remember that the taxable value of property in Boston alone goes beyond a billion. Properly applied, there is a sufficiency of strength in the country to offset the power of the trusts if any contest should arise. But the trusts have the advantage of a centralized and disciplined strength, and they are steadily increasing.

The 183 trusts employ about 400,000 wage-earners—about as many wage-earners as there are men, women and children in the sixth largest city of our country

A serious feature of the situation is that of the 2203 plants controlled by the 183 combinations about eight per cent. are standing idle. It has always been charged against trusts that one result of their operations would be the shutting down of many plants which under private ownership would continue to run and to employ workmen

Though the wealth of the country at large is still far beyond the capitalization of trusts, the situation is none the less one to merit serious thought, especially when it is considered that one half of the 183 combinations were organized during the eighteen months between January 1, 1899, and June 30, 1900.

The totals of money handled by the 183 trusts are colossal In wages they pay out some $200,000,000. That is within a few thousands of dollars of the total amount annually received by the United States Government from customs

The public will feel much safer if steps be taken toward putting the trusts in a position in which they can be controlled by the National authorities, should control be necessary; and the suggestion set forth in the President's recent Message, to begin by demanding a degree of publicity as to their affairs, is one step in the right direction.

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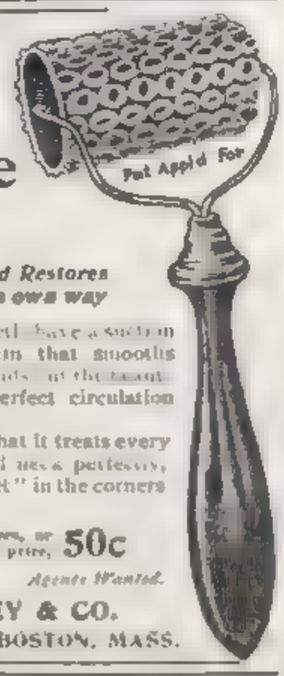

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Men & Women of the Hour

Col. Thurston and His Fad

Lieutenant-Colonel N. B. Thurston

COLONEL N. B. THURSTON who has just succeeded Devery in the New York Police Department, is an interesting figure in Mayor Low's reform administration. The new chief Deputy Commissioner was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of the National Guard of New York. For several years he has been State Inspector of Small Arms Practice, and he is remarkably well informed in regard to military regulations.

His memory is phenomenal. He can recite without an instant's hesitation the substance of any paragraph in the State Manual of Arms, and can give the page, paragraph and section covering almost any minor point in military practice. In his day he has confounded a host of disputants, who have questioned the accuracy of his rulings or statements, by referring them instantly to the particular words in the Manual covering the point.

There are fifteen thousand militiamen in the State of New York. Colonel Thurston, it is said, knows practically every one of them by sight and name. Again and again, when a country militiaman has come to New York City, he has carried home with him the conviction that Colonel Thurston is the greatest man on earth, because that officer, happening to meet him on the street, has greeted him without hesitation, saying:

"How do you do, Brown? How are Captain Smith and Sergeant Jones of the Hundred and Eighty-ninth Detached Company of Goshen?"

The result of this is of course that the Colonel is among the most popular men in the State with the National Guardsmen. His duties as Inspector of Small Arms Practice have taken him into the most remote sections, and from every place he has carried away an intimate knowledge of the [illegible] of the regiment and company. He is known as the strictest sort of a disciplinarian, but as he always tempers justice with judgment, even his disciplinary acts do not militate against his popularity.

The Colonel has a picturesque fad that has made him notable in New York. Morning, noon or night, he has for years past tried to put in an appearance at every fire in the city that amounted to anything. It was never too late or too early, too hot or too cold, for him to turn out with the "boys," as he calls the firemen. He was long ago adopted by them as one of their very own, and he is the only private citizen in the metropolis who is permitted to ride with the machine. At the fires he is not a mere onlooker. He grabs a rubber coat and helmet just like the professional fire fighters, and pitches in, taking a place at the nozzle or anywhere else where his services may be put in to advantage. He can stand more smoke than any paid member of the Department; time after time he has helped in offices and other low places long after the other men have been compelled to give way. There are not two thousand fire-boxes in New York City. They are all numbered, and he knows the location of every one by heart. If, for example, five hundred and sixty-two is rung in, Colonel Thurston, without looking at the book can tell on what street, and at what corner, this box is. This feat cannot be duplicated by any other man in the city, in or out of the Department, probably not even by Chief Croker himself, though he too has a phenomenal memory for fire-boxes.

The Colonel lives in an apartment house on East Eighty-seventh Street, three flights up. Long ago a private fire signal was put into his place by the city authorities. This strikes every fire in the city. If the fire happens to be within the particular fire district in which he lives he will turn out, even in the middle of the night, no matter if it is only a first alarm. A third or fourth alarm fire will call him to any part of the metropolis. The nearest engine-house to his home is four blocks

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away. So alert is he in his movements that, though the elevator may be stopped in his house and he has three flights of stairs to descend, besides dressing, he can get down in time to see the engine as it passes. He was talked about for the position of Fire Commissioner in Mr. Low's administration. When this post went to another, his friends backed him strongly for First Deputy Police Commissioner, and he was chosen on his record as a military executive and disciplinarian.

Within a few hours after his appointment there was an early morning blaze of such a serious character that four alarms were sent in. The Colonel was among the first on the spot, though the scene of the fire was seventy blocks from his house. To his surprise, he found that the police captain of the precinct did not put in an appearance. Next day there was a call for that captain at police headquarters, and he learned something in regard to the duties of a precinct commander at four-alarm fires.

Mr. Weeks' Lucky Beggar

Congressman Edgar Weeks, of Michigan, who with Senator A. O. Bacon, of Georgia, and Representatives D. A. De Armond, of Missouri, David H. Mercer, of Nebraska, J. W. Gaines, of Tennessee, C. F. Joy, of Missouri, Summers M. Jack, of Pennsylvania, and Henry D. Green, of Pennsylvania, went to the Philippines to study the sociological and political conditions of the natives of the archipelago, has prepared an unpublished personal report of his investigations which is much in demand among Senators and Congressmen eager to be informed on the condition of things in the islands.

Congressman Weeks takes the stand that, in the main, the inhabitants of the Philippines are savages, and he is prepared to combat all legislation that may seek to recognize them as anything else.

"I do not claim to speak for the rest of the party," said Mr. Weeks, "but individually I can say that the Filipino, with few exceptions, is one thousand years behind the Anglo-Saxon. I went to the Philippines without preconceived notions. I wanted to learn. I wished, among other things, to see whether Aguinaldo is a second George Washington, as some of our New England idealists have pictured him. He is a reticent man and difficult to understand fully, and I do not, therefore, wish to pronounce judgment upon him, save to express amazement that he should ever have been compared to the Father of the American Republic.

'Most of the Filipino people who have taken on any semblance of civilization are not pure natives, but part Chinese. Aguinaldo, himself, is not a full blooded native.

"I have abundant evidence to prove that the Filipino native is a savage.'

Mr. Weeks was greatly interested in the customs of the Filipinos.

"Several times during our stay in Manila,' said he, "the sky was darkened by the flight of locusts. On these occasions I was astonished to see Filipino inhabitants of the city rushing out with nets, capturing locusts, macerating them and devouring them in vast quantities. The sight was appalling, but the natives justified the custom by claiming that it tends to appease the malign beings who send the locusts as a scourge."

The party journeyed to the Philippines by way of the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and India.

"We had many curious experiences," continued Mr. Weeks. "At Ceylon, as in many other places, we were besieged by beggars. One sturdy little fellow, learning in some way that we were American Congressmen, ran persistently beside our carriage. He held one hand over his stomach and the other on the side of his head, and assumed the most woeful expression imaginable. He knew enough English to groan that he was in great agony, that he was almost dead from colic, and that his father, mother, brother and grandmother had only that day died of the same disease.

"Notwithstanding his dire maladies he managed to run beside our carriage for miles, keeping up a constant and most intolerable wail the while.

"At last, when we had stopped to inspect an ancient ruin, I tossed the importunate urchin a rupee (worth something less than half a dollar).

"He salaamed as if I had been a sultan.

'That rupee,' I said to him banteringly, 'will, I suppose, support you for a month.'

"'Oh, no, gentleman!' he exclaimed, 'only for two weeks!'"

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A Woman's Washington

(Concluded from Page 5)

This was heartily echoed by his two fellow-Senators. Then Mrs. Blank told us an anecdote of Secretary Gage that was interesting.

"Early last summer, just after the Secretary's loss, he received, among his letters of sympathy, one that was most remarkable both for its diction and its beautiful sympathy. It was poetic and strong. It was a letter from a little girl only eleven years old who lived over on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and who was entirely unknown to the Gage family. Of course the Secretary replied to this letter at once, but, as he said himself, he could no more reach the height of that child's letter than he could scale Olympus. There has sprung up quite a correspondence; and the Secretary has done more than one gracious kindness to that unknown little girl, whose every letter to him is as unusual as the first. That little girl ought to become one of the leading women of this new century."

"By the way," asked Senator P——, "have any of you seen the wonderful copy of Shakespeare which Mr. Isidor Straus has just presented to Secretary Hay? This book belonged to George Washington and has marginal notes and interlineations in Washington's handwriting, and is valuable and precious beyond belief."

"Is there any likelihood," I asked, "of Mr. Hay's retiring?"

"Well," said Senator P——, "we have none of us heard Hay speak of it as he did a year ago. He wanted to go then, but he seems to have plunged into the work of the State Department this winter with more vigor and vim than I've seen him show in months past. I hope he means to remain."

A few days after this, when the echoes of the holidays had died away and Congress had settled down in earnest to the work of the session, I went up to the Senate. Robert and Senator P—— both came to the gallery door and persuaded me to go down to the Senate café for luncheon.

"Were you in the cloak-room this morning when that story was told on Kearns, of Utah?" asked Robert.

"No," said Senator P——, on the alert at once.

"Well," said Robert, "several of us were in the cloak-room swapping stories just after our committee meeting, and Kearns came in. Instantly some one called out:

"'Come, Kearns, tell us about your speech of acceptance. We hear it was great.'

"'Great Scott!' ejaculated Kearns; 'have you fellows heard that way down here? Why, there's not a word of truth in it.'

"'Never mind,' we cried; 'true or not, we'll have it.'

"So the member who knew it started in:

"'Last year, when the Legislature elected Kearns to the United States Senate, he made his speech of acceptance in great style and with becoming modesty, and when he got warmed up he waxed eloquent and his eloquence started off like Pegasus with him. He branched off into the theme of expansion. He dwelt upon the new possessions which Uncle Sam has acquired. He spoke of the Hawaiian, the Porto Rican and the Cuban wards, and finally he came to Lo! the poor Filipino. He urged with stirring words and in thrilling tones his audience to legislate for the good of the Filipino and to hold out the hand of brotherhood. He wound up with this startling peroration: "And remember, fellow-citizens, that there are thousands of unborn Filipinos clamoring at their mothers' knees for bread!"'

"When we got through laughing," added Robert, "Kearns was heard to reiterate feebly: 'There isn't one word of truth in it,' but he was drowned in another roar of laughter."

After we had done full justice to this story of Robert's I said, in turn:

"Have you heard the latest *bon mot* of Senator Hoar?"

"Hoar says so many witty things that it is hard to keep up with him," said Senator P——. "What is this one?"

"It seems," began I, "that the Hoars had a dear friend ill with appendicitis last summer and were becoming very uneasy, when a letter came announcing joyfully that the surgeons had declared that the character of the illness was not appendicitis after all, but was nothing but acute indigestion.

"'That is good news,' said the Senator. 'I rejoice that the difficulty lay in the table of contents rather than in the appendix.'"

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 9)

as a hostage. You can go back to your work, all of you," he said, addressing the teachers and the wives of the employees. "There will be no further excitement."

The women went out, sighing words of relief, and in a few minutes Curtis was alone with the members of his own little circle. "Now I have another story for you;" he said, looking at Elsie. "Though I am sure the worst of the matter is over, I realize that there are two hundred armed men over on the Willow and that the return of the Sheriff's deputies may enrage them. Therefore I have sent to Fort Lincoln for troops. Crane's Voice will reach there by sundown; the troops should arrive here by sunrise to-morrow, and that will be long before anything will be done by the mob."

"Suppose Elk doesn't come?" asked Jennie.

Curtis looked grave. "In that case I shall go to find him."

Elsie cried out: "You wouldn't do that?"

"Yes, it would be my duty to see what he was doing—but he will come. He trusts me. I have ordered him to bring all his people and camp on his regular site just above the Agency store. Now, of course, no one can tell the precise outcome of all this, and if Mr. and Mrs. Parker want to go down to the white settlement I will send them—perhaps Lawson will take you, or I will ask the Sheriff to take you——"

Lawson spoke up slowly but firmly. "The safest place on the Reservation is right here!"

"Quite right," said Curtis. "Suppose the mob comes back—they will take control here and use it as a base of supplies—the Tetongs are already on the hills. The struggle, if it comes, will be somewhere to the west of here. I consider it foolish to attempt to flee. It would excite the settlers uselessly. We must stay right here and convince the employees and the Indians that we are not alarmed. I don't want to assume the responsibility for a panic."

There was something definite in this statement of the case and even Parker sank back into his chair as if resigned to his fate.

Curtis went on: "I am not speaking to reassure myself. Perhaps I am too positive, but my experience as an officer in the army has given me a contempt for these blustering bragggarts. The only thing I really fear is a panic such as Lawson hints at. Naturally I feel responsible for all my people—and for you too"—he looked at Elsie. "But I think you can trust me. The Sheriff is less of an embarrassment now, with only Calvin as deputy. I think I can manage him. My policemen are all to report here, so don't be alarmed at hearing scouts ride up and tap on my window any time to-night."

"Send the Sheriff over here. We'll entertain him by showing him the photograph album," said Jennie. "We helped out this forenoon, and we can do it again."

"I don't think such heroic methods are necessary. An extra good dinner will do quite as well," replied Curtis dryly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Parker, that your expedition for material is coming to this gruesome end."

Elsie interposed. "It is precisely what he needs. He will soon know from positive knowledge whether a Tetong dresses up or undresses for war. I have always claimed that no Indian ever wore that absurd war-bonnet."

Lawson smiled at her. "And *you* will gain valuable information as to the way in which white settlers start 'Indian Outbreaks.'"

"I ought to telegraph papa."

"I have already done so," replied Lawson. "I anticipated the hullabaloo that will break forth to-morrow in the papers of the State."

"I shall wire the Department a full statement to-night," said Curtis, "but we must be careful what we say at this point."

"Isn't it a foolish thing not to have a telegraph line connecting the Fort and the Agency?" cried Jennie. "The troops could be half-way here by this time."

"It's the same penny-wise and pound-foolish method by which the Indian Service is run," replied Curtis. "Here comes one of my scouts," he said abruptly as a young Tetong galloped up to the gate, threw himself from his reeking pony and came in without knocking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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our home and saw before us the Colonial cottage with the picturesque barn somewhat back from it and the not so picturesque hen-house in the middle distance.

Just then some large drops of rain fell in our faces and I told the 'bus driver to hurry and get us to the house. There was a strange look of uninhabitedness about it that I did not like, but we alighted and stood under the wide veranda while I pulled the bell to let the charwoman and her husband know that we had come.

Then I unlocked the door and with almost French grace I said, "Welcome to my humble abode."

M. Bodin bowed politely and we all went into the house.

It was as cold as a stone and as bare as a new-born babe!

I learned a week later that the charwoman had fallen ill and could not come, and that her devoted husband had stayed to take care of her.

Frenchmen have queer ideas of our customs. I could see that Bodin was not one whit surprised at our entire lack of furniture and carpets, nor at the abundance of shavings and solder and plastering, so I determined to make absolutely no explanations, but treat him as well as I could under the unfortunate circumstances, and when in the course of a few days order was restored he would see for himself how it had all happened.

The baby Ethelinda was perfectly frank. She didn't like it and she and the dog howled dismally, while Christiana fell to sobbing. Mrs. Napier tried to be cheerful and went from room to room in the vain hope that she would find a chair or a bed or two. I told Bodin that when it let up raining I'd take him out to the barn and show him my horses. Then, as he might as well know the worst at once, I took him up to his room, a perfectly bare apartment with a carpenter's bench still in it and a soap box full of shavings. I said jokingly but half hysterically, "This is your bed."

I left him with a puzzled expression on his face and hurried down to my wife. "What is to be done?" I said. "Of course you understand that I invited M. Bodin and forgot to tell you. Now, what shall we do with him? Nothing to eat or drink or read, no house nearer than a quarter of a mile, raining cats and dogs, and the 'bus gone."

"Why, I suppose we can all starve together," said my wife sweetly.

"Oh, there's no question of starving while we have all those eggs and hens and the milk from the cow——"

"Are you sure we have them? The charwoman's husband was to bring them."

I smote my temples.

By great good luck I had brought my mackintosh and rubbers in my suit case, and I now put these on and went out to the hen-house. Empty as a cage after the bird has flown! I went to the barn. My rubbered feet echoed dismally through it, but I was greeted with neither whinny nor low, nor was any hired man there. To anticipate, neither he nor the horses came for two days, owing to a mistake in dates; the cow did not come for a week.

You see I'm no organizer; I have little executive ability, or all these things would have happened differently.

I now determined to do all I could to mitigate our woes, so I went in and told my wife what had happened, or rather what had not happened, and that, unless I could beg some food from one of my unknown neighbors, we should go supperless to bed, and M. Bodin would set down in his notebook: "The Americans do not eat until the next day."

I also told her to make him feel as comfortable as possible, and on no account to let him feel that he had intruded.

I called him from the carpenter's bench and the box of shavings, and said cavalierly: "I suppose you don't mind sleeping in the barn—new-mown hay—fragrant—lowing of the kine—stamp of horses—fluttering of doves in the cotes—all that sort of thing?"

"Better zan ze bench—really. Eet ees so strange here in zees co'ntry. No bed, non?"

"My dear friend," I said, "beds and furniture take up so much room. A well-stored mind—an amiable wife—an interesting child—what need of furniture?"

"True," he said—a little doubtfully, I thought.

I had a large cake of chocolate and I broke it into four pieces and said: "It is the hour for the afternoon repast. Will you join us?" The baby, Ethelinda, was not dependent upon chocolate.

M. Bodin seemed pleased to eat the chocolate; said it reminded him of home—of the army—of forced marches.

After we had finished our simple repast, which we ate standing, as they drink the Queen's health—but for a different reason—I suggested that M. Bodin amuse himself as he chose until I had returned from a walk. I wished to pick some damp wild flowers, I told him.

"Ah! you Americans are so ant'oosisteek," says he.

Then I went out into the storm and wended my way to the house of my nearest neighbor, from whom I begged a basketful of provisions.

I brought these provisions back. There were cold lamb, six fresh eggs, a loaf of bread, some butter, a small jar of pickles and a tumbler of currant jelly. Also one quart of milk.

Then in the barn I spread the repast on the top of a grain bin and went back to the house to invite my friend to dinner.

Mrs. Napier had made herself agreeable in the meantime and Bodin was in fine spirits, proving the worth of the chocolate as a staver off of starvation.

"It is now the time for dinner in the barn," I said to M. Bodin.

He expressed well-simulated surprise, although he must have been upon the verge of fainting. I know I was.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry," said I, "for to-morrow we die." I thought that M. Bodin looked relieved at hearing the last clause, but I may have been mistaken.

"Youer customs are so deefairan' from ours," said he musingly. "Shoccola' in ze house at t'ree, dine at four in ze—vat you call?—ze house of ze horse. Eet ees samplicitie an' I like eet, but eet ees deefairan'."

In spite of his cake of chocolate M. Bodin ate heartily of the cold dinner, eating the eggs raw—for we had no way to cook them—and protesting that he had never tasted any with just the same flavor. And my neighbor had told me that they were strictly fresh.

After dinner I pulled out a pack of cards with which I am always provided, and we played euchre until long after the nurse had climbed the ladder with the baby Ethelinda and had sought repose among the wisps of fragrant hay. He did not notice the absence of the live stock and I did not mention it.

After M. Bodin had smothered three yawns I said: "Whenever you are ready I will shake up some hay for you. We sleep on the hay in order to get closer to Nature. The house is all very well in the daytime, but at night the hay is more comfortable."

"But if Monsieur would follow ze French fashion and have chairs and beds in ze house—non?" said he laughing, as I shook my head deprecatingly. "Well, every co'ntry to eet's own mode."

We gave M. Bodin the whole south mow for his bed-chamber, while we tossed uneasily in the north mow. The baby Ethelinda slept calmly, although it is her wont to be wakeful. But the hay was too sharp for our necks, and the cat made too much noise chasing mice through it, and the dog bayed the moon—for the rain had ceased and the weather was clear, though damp.

M. Bodin looked the picture of a haggard man when he met us on the barn floor in the morning, but he protested that he had not slept so since he spent a night with his father in a peasant's cottage in Normandy—and I dare say he spoke the truth.

After we had all made our toilets at the pump, which stood just outside the door, we ate up what was left of the supper.

"Now, my friend," said I, "let us return to the house and pursue the pleasures of the day."

Then for the first time M. Bodin looked pained. I could feel that he was thinking of that carpenter's bench. He said:

"My friend, you 'ave been vair' kin' to me an' I appreciate eet, but eef you vil pardon me, ve 'ave a deefairan' ceev'leezasho' een France an' I am vat you call?—'omeseek. I mus' return to New York to ze steemair vere I haf a bert' waitin' for me."

I could do no less than hire a horse from a neighbor and drive him down to the station. On the way there I met our furniture coming up in a covered van, but I did not turn back. He caught the express for New York and I saw him no more.

And now he has repaid my kindness with his insulting article in the Figaro, in which he talks of the low ebb at which civilization is in this country, and comments upon the strange habits and customs of the cultivated—and particularly the literary—classes in America—all of it founded entirely upon his visit to my unfurnished house, for I learn that he did not leave his stateroom until the steamer had gotten out upon the high seas.

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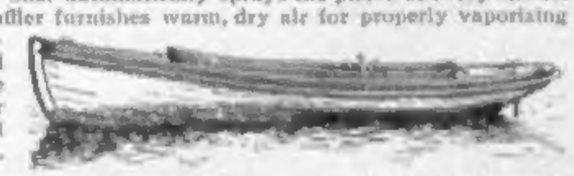

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

New Styles in Bombshells

A new French illuminating shell bursts in the air and emits a fiery body of globular shape, which vividly lights up a large area for a considerable time. It is the latest improvement in a branch of military pyrotechnics which has recently been receiving much attention from war experts.

The idea of the illuminating bomb is to expose at night the position of an enemy, or to reveal the character of his defenses, when an attack is contemplated. There are already several such projectiles, of different varieties, on the market. With one, a shell is fired from an ordinary cannon (a mountain howitzer will serve the purpose, the bombs being of various calibres), and it is so constructed as to explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound.

One compound is said to be somewhat similar to the ordinary "blue-light mixture" used in Fourth of July pyrotechnics, consisting of sulphur, saltpetre and a hydrocarbon. It is meant to burn as brilliantly as possible, and to keep on burning for at least a minute or two. The illumination lasts as long as the saltpetre supplies oxygen to maintain combustion.

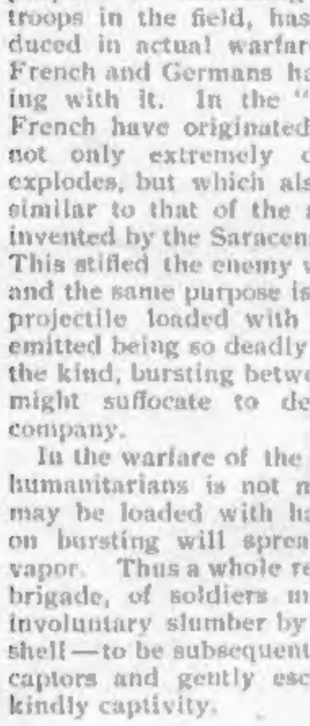
Another species of bomb, which on bursting liberates dense clouds of smoke, with the purpose of concealing the movements of troops in the field, has not yet been introduced in actual warfare, although both the French and Germans have been experimenting with it. In the "melinite" shell the French have originated a type of projectile not only extremely destructive when it explodes, but which also achieves an effect similar to that of the ancient "stink-pot," invented by the Saracens in the Middle Ages. This stifled the enemy with poisonous gases, and the same purpose is accomplished by the projectile loaded with melinite, the fumes emitted being so deadly that a single bomb of the kind, bursting between decks on a vessel, might suffocate to death half the ship's company.

In the warfare of the future, if the hope of humanitarians is not misplaced, projectiles may be loaded with harmless drugs, which on bursting will spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus a whole regiment, or perhaps a brigade, of soldiers may be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single well-aimed shell—to be subsequently awakened by their captors and gently escorted to a place of kindly captivity.

Do Bees Damage Peaches?

The question whether bees do injury to peach orchards has come up recently for legal decision in an interesting way, a New York peach grower having secured a judgment of twenty-five dollars against the owner of an adjoining farm and apiary, for damage alleged to have been inflicted by his insects.

The two have been nicknamed "Peach Tree" and "Honey Bee." Last summer Peach Tree complained grievously of damage done to his fruit by bees, which, he declared, came from Honey Bee's hives. He lay awake nights thinking of expedients whereby the depredations could be fixed upon his neighbor's bees, the obvious difficulty being that such insects are very much alike and therefore hard to identify, and finally he hit upon the plan of capturing a number of the offenders, which he found actually roosting on his peaches, and powdering them with flour. Having liberated the captives, he went to the adjoining farm and was able triumphantly to point out bees which still showed marks of white.



The upshot was a suit for damages, estimated at one hundred dollars, and a judgment for twenty-five dollars finally entered against Honey Bee. But at this stage of the proceedings the National Association of Bee-keepers took up the case and appealed it, believing that it could not afford to allow such a conviction against the industrious honey-getter to stand.

Fortunately, the bee-keepers were able to summon a formidable authority to testify in their behalf: Dr. Frank Benton, of the Department of Agriculture. It is said that Doctor Benton knows more about bees than does any other man living, and he treated the court to a surprise. Holding up a vicious-looking wasp between his fingers, he proceeded to state, as a fact which he declared to be beyond contravention, that this was in reality the mischief-maker that had done the damage to Peach Tree's peaches. It had been ascertained by thorough investigation, he said, that wasps are in the habit of stinging peaches, whereas bees never do such a thing, though they will sometimes suck juice from the holes made by the wasps.

"This fellow is the criminal," said Doctor Benton. "If you can catch him, we are perfectly willing that he shall be punished."

By this testimony the case for the plaintiff was upset, a reversal of the previous judgment was secured, and rejoicing was brought not only to Honey Bee, but to all good bee-keepers throughout the land.

Experiments with Fish Eggs

A phenomenon that has been a puzzle to naturalists is the frequent occurrence of embryo monsters in fish eggs—that is to say, double-headed and otherwise abnormal young ones. With a view to acquiring some knowledge on the subject, experts of the Fish Commission have been trying to produce similar monsters artificially, by purposely inflicting certain injuries upon the eggs. It has been proved that various freaks may be obtained from the eggs of chickens by interfering at a critical period with the germs they contain, and it was thought that the same thing might be accomplished with fish eggs, so as to throw light upon the causes of such deformities.

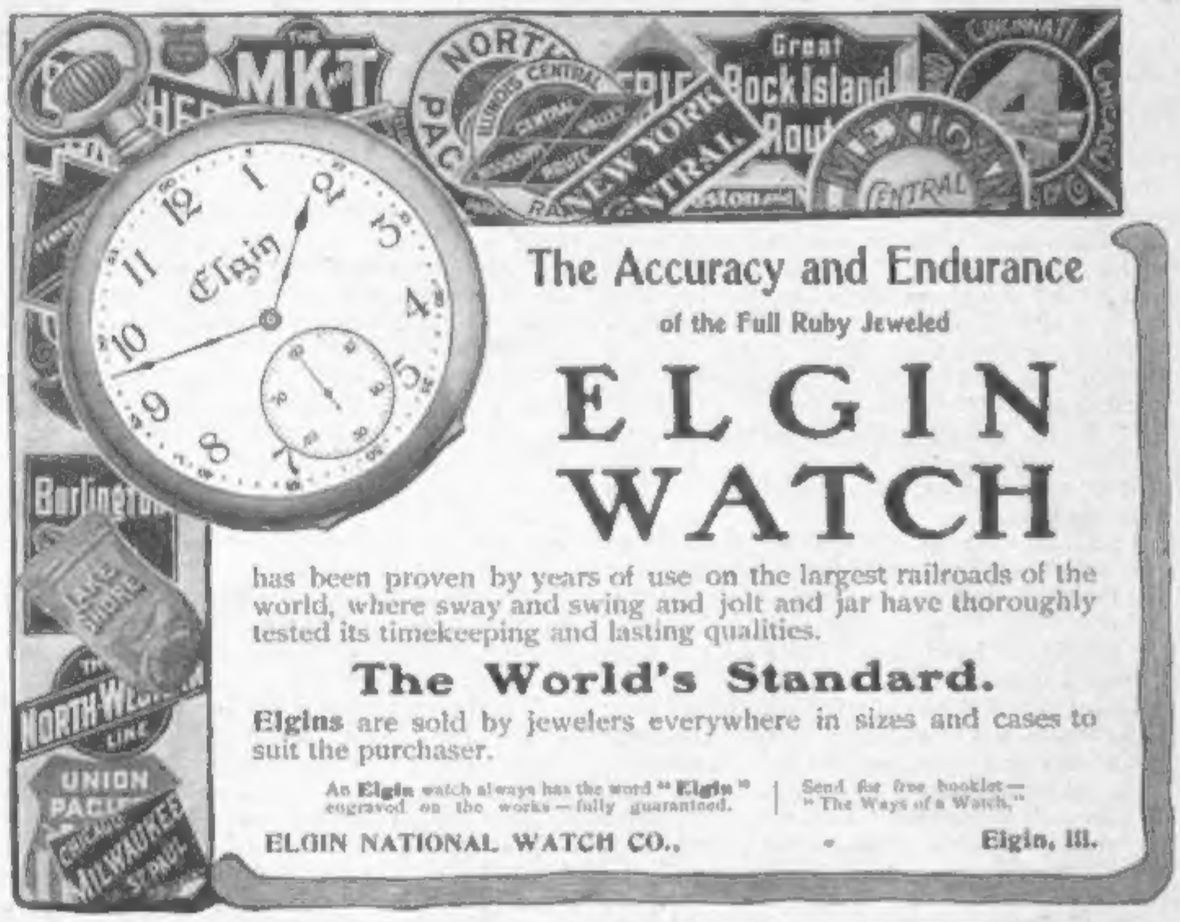
With this benevolent intention, fish eggs of various kinds were jolted about and otherwise treated injuriously. One lot of them, for example, was placed in a small glass jar securely corked, which was then dropped ten times from a height of four feet into a wooden pail half filled with water, striking the bottom of the bucket each time with considerable violence. But these and other tricks produced no monsters, though they killed a good many of the eggs. Those left alive hatched out normal fish in due time. The conclusion was reached that, in handling fish eggs, it is of the utmost importance to avoid shaking them up or disturbing them in any avoidable way.

A Musical Typewriter

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is the musical typewriter. It does not play music, but writes it, the keyboard being an arrangement of musical characters instead of ordinary letters. The mechanism is in most respects similar to that of the every-day typewriter.

The sheet of paper on which the music is to be written is printed beforehand with the lines of the staff, and, by pressing one of the buttons, the musical character desired may be made to assume its place on the line wanted, so as to stand for the proper note or other mark. Full notes, half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes and sixteenth notes appear on the keys, as well as the signs for sharps and flats.

In writing music, the operator first prints the clef mark, and then the arrangement of sharps and flats which indicates the key in which the piece is written. Chords are formed by putting the component notes together, one after another, but in a vertical line on the staff. It is all very simple, but, as may easily be realized, this kind of typewriter requires special expertness and a good deal of practice. It is likely to be of more value in copying than in actual composing.



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